Koviloor Acadamy

C. Srinivasan

TARTAN TALES

FROM

ANDREW LANG

EDITED BY

BERTHA L. GUNTERMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY

MAHLON BLAINE

IMS0741

No.

விவேகானந்த புத்தகசாலை
ஹிந்து மதாபிமான சங்கம்
காரைக்குடி.

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.
NEW YORK · LONDON · TORONTO
1928

Koviloor Acadamy

LANG
TARTAN TALES

COPYRIGHT • 1928
BY LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.

FIRST EDITION

MADE IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Koviloor Acadamy

PREFACE

THE adventures of Prince Charlie are already known, in part, to boys and girls who have read *The Tales of a Grandfather*. But here Mrs. McCunn has treated them at greater length and more minutely; her source is in those seven brown octavo volumes, all written in the closest hand, which are a treasure of the Advocate's Library in Edinburgh.

The author is Mr. Forbes, a Bishop of the persecuted Episcopalian Church in Scotland. Mr. Forbes collected his information very carefully, closely comparing the narratives of the various actors in the story. Into the boards of his volumes are fastened a scrap of the Prince's tartan waistcoat, a rag from his sprigged calico dress, a bit of his brogues—a twopenny treasure that has been wept and prayed over by the faithful.

Nobody, in a book for children, would have the heart to tell the tale of the Prince's later years, of a moody, heart-broken, degraded exile. But in

Koviloor Acadamy

the hills and the isles, bating a little wilfulness and foolhardiness, Prince Charlie is a model for princes and all men; brave, gay, much-enduring, good-humored, kind, royally courteous, and considerate, even beyond what may be gathered from this book, while the loyalty of the Highlanders (as in the case of Mackinnon, flogged nearly to death) was proof against torture as well as against gold.

It is the Sobieski strain, not the Stuart, that we here admire in Prince Charles. Mrs. McCunn has also told the story of the Prince's Scottish campaign from the contemporary histories of the Rising of 1745, contemporary tracts, *The Lyon in Mourning,* Chambers, Scott, Maxwell of Kirkconnell, and other sources.

It is a piety, a loyalty, a goodness like Gordon's that we revere in old Lord Pitsligo in another story. "Johnstone's Escape from Culloden" was reduced by Mrs. Lang from the *Memoirs of the Chevalier de Johnstone.*

"How the Bass was held for King James" is by the editor, namely from Blackadder's *Life.*

Mr. S. R. Crockett has told the tales of "The Bull of Earlstoun" and "Grisell Baillie."

"I will carry with me honor and fidelity to the

Koviloor Acadamy

grave," said Montrose, and he kept his word, though his enemies gave him no grave, but placed his head and limbs on spikes in various towns of his country. But now his grave in St. Giles' Church in Edinburgh is one of the most beautiful and honorable monuments in Scotland, adorned with his stainless scutcheon, and with those of Napiers and Grahams, his kindred and friends.

A. L.

The story of "The Marquis of Montrose" is taken from the *Red Book of Heroes;* "The Adventures of the Bull of Earlstoun;" "How the Bass was held for King James;" "Prince Charlie's War;" and "The Story of Grisell Baillie's Sheep's Head;" are from the *Red True Story Book.* From the *True Story Book* are drawn "Prince Charlie's Wanderings;" "The Adventures of Lord Pitsligo;" and "The Chevalier Johnstone's Escape from Culloden."

Koviloor Acadamy

CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Marquis of Montrose	1
The Adventures of the "Bull of Earlstoun"	54
How the Bass was held for King James	68
Prince Charlie's War	78
The Story of Grisell Baillie's Sheep's Head	184
Prince Charlie's Wanderings	193
The Adventures of Lord Pitsligo	269
The Chevalier Johnstone's Escape from Culloden	278

Koviloor Acadamy

ILLUSTRATIONS

The Ships Were so Damaged They Were Glad to Slink to Harbor . . . . . *Frontispiece*

Montrose Fought Desperately on Foot . . *To Face* 44

He Was so Weary He Was Compelled to Lie Down Under a Bush 64

His Horse Was Covered with Mud from Cannon Balls Striking the Wet Moor 178

She Stumbled Among the Graves Every Night Alone . . 186

The Prince's Foot Slipped, He Stumbled, and Would Have Fallen 250

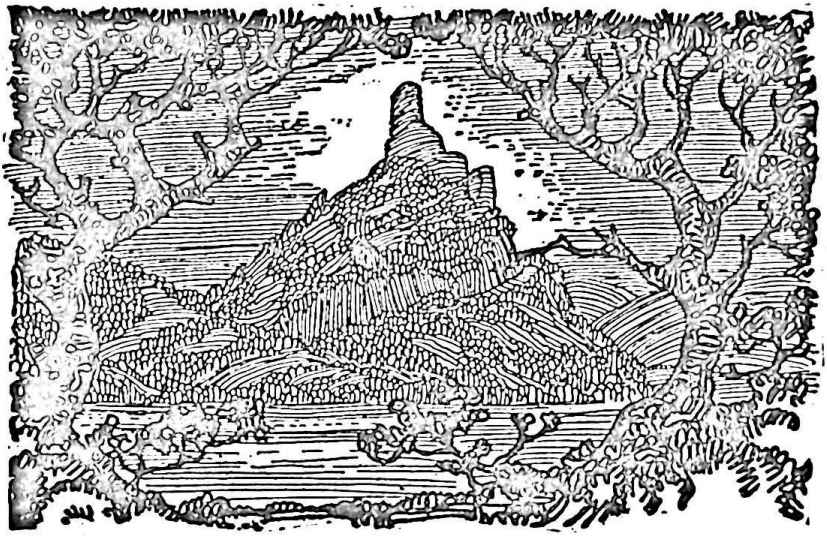
They Hurried the Venerable Man from His Bed . . . 276

"Ah, Finlay, This Fellow Will Not Give Me the Horse" 282

Koviloor Acadamy

TARTAN TALES

Koviloor Acadamy



TARTAN TALES

THE MARQUIS OF MONTROSE

BOYHOOD OF JAMES MONTROSE

FIGHTING was in the blood of the Grahams, and when James, hereafter to be known as the "great Marquis of Montrose," was a little boy he loved to hear tales of the deeds of his ancestors, who had struck hard blows for the liberty of Scotland in days of old.

Koviloor Acadamy

One, Sir John Graham, a friend of Sir William Wallace, had been killed at Falkirk more than three hundred years before; another had died on Flodden field, and a third had fallen at Pinkie, besides many who had taken part in less famous battles. James knew all about them, and was proud to belong to them, and did not guess that it was *his* name and not *theirs* which would be best remembered through the centuries to come.

But the Grahams were not only brave soldiers; they were for the most part clever men. There was an archbishop among them and a bishop, while James' grandfather had held the highest offices of the state under King James VI, and was President of the Parliament when the King was far away in Westminster talking broad Scotch to the great nobles and servants of his dead cousin, Queen Elizabeth.

Montrose's own father, however, had no love either for war or statesmanship. After he lost his wife in 1618 he stayed quietly at home in one of his many castles, taking care of his family, keeping accounts of every penny he spent, and shooting and playing golf with his friends and neighbors.

Koviloor Acadamy

James, his only son, was six years old when his mother died, but there were five daughters of all ages, who were always ready to play with the boy. To be sure, the two eldest, Lilias and Margaret, married early, and before two years had passed by one was Lady Colquhoun and the other Lady Napier of Merchiston. Still Dorothy and Katherine were left, and Beatrix, who was only three years younger than her brother, and the one he liked best of all.

When the great business of marrying his two eldest daughters was safely over, Lord Montrose took his little boy with him on a riding tour of visits to his estates in Forfar, Perthshire, Dunbarton, and the Lothians, stopping in the houses of his many friends on the way. James loved horses all his life, and bills for "shoes for naigs" were constantly coming in to him.

He spent a good deal of time practicing archery at the butts, and would make up matches with the boys who lived in the different houses where he and his father went to stay. On wet days they would get out their foils and fence in the hall, or even dance solemnly with the young ladies.

Koviloor Acadamy

Of course, he did some lessons too, when he was at home, probably with his sisters. But while his father only puts down in his accounts the items of six shillings for books and seven shillings for a "pig, or stone bottle, of ink," we read of nine shillings for bowstrings and three pounds for "12 goiff balls."

As for tobacco, the elder Montrose smoked the whole day, a new accomplishment in those times, and an expensive one when tobacco was sometimes as much as thirteen shillings and fourpence an ounce. But this habit was hated by James, who never could bear the smell of a pipe all his life long.

After his son's twelfth birthday Lord Montrose decided that his son must go to college at Glasgow like other youths of his age and position. The news filled the little girls with awe. It seemed to make their brother a man at once, and they were sure he would never, never want to play bowls or hide and seek with them again.

But James, though in his secret heart he may have agreed with them, was too kind to say so, and he comforted them with the thought of the fine

Koviloor Acadamy

things he would bring them from the great city, and the stories he would have to tell of its strange ways. And, if they wished, they might even now come and see the "stands," or suits, of clothes that had been prepared for him.

Drying their tears, the girls eagerly accepted his offer. The mixed gray cloth English clothes were passed by in scorn, but the bright trimmings of a cloak was much admired by the young ladies, though they would have liked James to have been dressed in red, like his two pages and kinsfolk, Willy and Mungo Graham.

Still, even in the despised gray suit they thought he made a brave show as he rode away from the door on his white pony, with his tutor, Master Forrett, by his side, the pages and a valet following. Bringing up the rear were some strong, broad-backed "pock-manty naigs," or baggage-horses, bearing the plate, linen and furniture for the large house Lord Montrose had taken for his son in Glasgow.

Gay indeed that house must have looked with its red and green and yellow curtains and cushions and counterpanes. As for food, it seems to have

Koviloor Acadamy

been simple enough, if we can judge by the bills sent in by the tutor for bags of oatmeal and barrels of herrings.

There are also, we are glad to find, some bills for books, among them Raleigh's "History of the World," only recently published; a Latin translation of Xenophon, and Seneca's Philosophy. These last two James only read because he was obliged to, but he would sit half the morning poring over the pages of Raleigh, of whose own life and adventures Master Forrett could tell him much.

For a short time his little sister Katherine lived with him. Probably she had been ill, and the soft air of the west was thought good for her. Glasgow was quite a small place then, and the sky over the Clyde was bright and clear, instead of being dark with smoke, as it often is now.

But in two years' time James Graham's life at Glasgow came to a sudden end, owing to the death of his father. And, distressed and bewildered at the duties of his new position, he rode swiftly away one November morning to Kincardine Castle, to make arrangements for the funeral.

Koviloor Acadamy

The ceremonies attending the burial of a great noble were of vast importance in the seventeenth century. The widow, if he had one, was expected to spend weeks, or even months, in a room hung with black, in a bed with black curtains and coverings, no ray of sunlight being suffered to creep through the cracks of the shutters.

The young Earl of Montrose had, as we are aware, no mother. But his sisters were kept carefully out of sight, while he prepared the list of invitations, to be despatched by men on horseback, to the friends and relations of the dead Earl. For seven weeks they stayed at Kincardine, every guest bringing with him a large supply of game or venison, though the castle larders already held an immense amount of food.

Poor James must have felt the days terribly long and dismal, and doubtless escaped, as often as he could, to take counsel with his brother-in-law, Sir Archibald Napier, who remained his staunch friend to the end.

At length the old customs had been fulfilled; the last guest was gone. And in January 1627 Montrose, not yet fifteen, set out for the University

Koviloor Acadamy

of St. Andrews. Here he found many acquaintances, with whom he played golf or tennis, or, what he loved still more, practiced archery at the butts. Bows instead of pictures hung on his walls, and in the second year of his residence the place of honor was given to the bow with which he gained the silver medal that may still be seen in the college.

On wet days he spent his free hours in chess and cards, or in making verses like all young cavaliers. But he studied Cæsar and other Latin authors under his tutor, Master Lambe, and worked at his Greek grammar, so that he might read Plutarch's "Lives" in the original tongue. Everybody liked him in spite of his hot temper, he was so kind-hearted and generous and free with his money. Though never a bookworm, his mind was quick and thoughtful and his speech ready.

His vacations he either passed with the Napiers, or in visiting the houses of his friends in Forfar or Fife, hunting, hawking, playing billiards or attending races. But he never failed to go to the kirk on Sundays or days of preachings in his best clothes with a nosegay in his coat, for he was very fond of flowers, and always had them on his table.

Koviloor Acadamy

THE MARQUIS OF MONTROSE

GATHERING CLOUDS

AT seventeen this pleasant college life came to an end. Montrose married Magdalen Carnegie, whose father was later created Earl of Southesk. We do not know very much about his wife, and most likely she was not very interesting. The young couple remained at Lord Carnegie's house of Kinnaird for some years, till in 1633 Montrose, now twenty-one, set out on his journey to Rome, leaving Lady Montrose and two little boys behind him.

In his travels "he made it his work to pick up the best of the qualities" of the foreigners whom he met, and learned "as much of the mathematics as is required for a soldier," but "his great study was to read men and the actions of great men."

What the foreigners in their turn thought of the young man with the bright brown hair and gray eyes, whose height was no more than ordinary, yet whose frame was strong and spare, we do not know. They must have admired his quickness and skill in games and exercises, and the grace of his dancing. But his manner kept strangers at a distance,

Koviloor Acadamy

though he was always kind to his servants and those dependent on him.

During the three years that Montrose spent abroad grave events took place in Scotland. Charles I, who had already excited the angry suspicion of his Scotch subjects by what they considered the "popish" ceremonies of his coronation at Holyrood, had lately been enraging them still more by his measures for putting down the National Church and supporting bishops throughout the country.

The King, in spite of many good qualities, could never be trusted, and was very obstinate. Also, what was worse both for himself and his people, he could never understand the signs of the times or the tempers of those with whom he had to deal.

The gatherings held in various parts of Scotland to express discontent with the King's proceedings did, indeed, alarm him a little, but not even some strange scenes that took place in 1637 taught him how serious the matter really was. The Scotch Church then used no prayer-book. But, by the royal command, the Bishop and Dean of Edinburgh were reading certain new prayers in the

Koviloor Acadamy

church of St. Giles on Sunday, July 23, when "the serving-maids began such a tumult as was never heard of since the Reformation."

This "tumult" was no sudden burst of feeling, but "the result of a consultation in the Cowgate of Edinburgh, when several gentlemen recommended to various matrons that they should give their first affront to the [prayer] book, assuring them that the men should afterwards take the business out of their hands."

We are not told why "the men" did not do "the business" to begin with, but the matrons and serving-maids seemed to have enjoyed themselves so much on this occasion that they were quite ready for a second effort a month later.

On August 28 Mr. William Annan preached in St. Giles, defending the Litany. When the news was spread about what the subject of his sermon was to be there arose, says the chronicler, in the town and among the women a great din.

"At the outgoing of the church, about thirty or forty of our honestest women in one voice before the bishop and magistrates did fall a railing, cursing, and scolding, with clamors on Mr. William

Koviloor Acadamy

Annan. Some two of the meanest were taken to the Tolbooth," or city prison, where Montrose in after years was himself to lie.

Mr. Annan got safely to his own house, but being troubled over these events in his mind resolved to ask counsel of his bishop. So that evening, "at nine on a mirk night," he set out in company of three or four ministers to the bishop's dwelling.

But no sooner had the little party stepped into the street than they were surrounded by "hundreds of enraged women with fists and staves and peats, but no stones. They beat him sore; his cloak, ruff, hat were rent. He escaped all bloody wounds, yet he was in great danger even of killing."

THE SIGNING OF THE COVENANT

THIS was the beginning of the struggle which was to rend Scotland for so many years. A bond or covenant was drawn up, part of which was copied from one of the reign of James VI, fifty years before, guarding against the establishment of "popery."

Koviloor Acadamy

But now new clauses were added, protesting against the appointment of bishops, or allowing priests of any sort power over the laws of the country. This document Montrose signed with the rest, and consented to act if necessary as one of the defenders of the religion and liberty of Scotland.

Charles of course declined to give way on the smallest point, and issued a proclamation, to be read at Edinburgh, declaring all who opposed him to be traitors. In answer the malcontents raised a scaffold beside the cross. On it stood Warriston, with a reply written by the nobles representing the people, which was received with shouts of applause. Montrose sat at Warriston's side, his legs dangling from a cask.

"Ah, James," cried old Lord Rothes, as he saw him, "you will never be at rest till you be lifted up there above the rest, with a rope."

Strange words, which were exactly fulfilled twelve years later.

So the first Covenant was read, and afterwards it was laid on a flat tombstone in Greyfriars churchyard, and signed by the Earl of Sutherland as the first noble of Scotland, and then by others accord-

Koviloor Acadamy

ing to their degree. During two days it was borne round the city, followed by an immense crowd, sobbing and trembling with excitement. From time to time they all stopped for fresh signatures to be added, and copies were made and sent over the country, so that each man should place his mark. Next, subscription lists were opened, taxes apportioned, and a war committee chosen.

And Charles heard and grew frightened, though even yet he did not understand. However, the King saw it was needful to do something, and, as was usual with him, he did the wrong thing.

He chose the Earl of Hamilton, in whom he believed blindly, though no one else did, to go down to Scotland as his commissioner, with leave to yield certain points when once the Covenant had been retracted. But with secret orders to spin out as much time as possible, so that Charles might be able to get ready an army. Yet, secret as Hamilton's instructions were, old Rothes knew all about them, and on his side made preparations.

As each week passed it became increasingly plain that the two parties could never agree. The General Assembly, which had been held in No-

Koviloor Acadamy

vember in Glasgow Cathedral, was dissolved by Hamilton, who had presided over it. The Covenanters answered by deposing the bishops, and suppressing the liturgy, and then dissolving itself. Then the Earl of Argyll, soon to be Montrose's deadliest enemy, joined the Covenanters.

One town only remained loyal. This was Aberdeen, situated in the country of the Gordons, whose chief, the Marquis of Huntly, was Argyll's brother-in-law. Huntly, like Leslie, who held a command in the Covenanting army under Montrose, had seen much foreign service. So Charles appointed him his lieutenant in the north, though he bound him hand and foot by orders to do nothing save with Hamilton's consent.

Chafing bitterly under these restrictions, Huntly was forced to disband his army of two thousand men, and had the mortification of seeing the Covenanters enter Aberdeen the following week, wearing their badge of blue ribbons in their Highland bonnets.

The citizens were granted easy terms, and all pillage was strictly forbidden. Huntly himself was given a promise of safe conduct, but was after-

Koviloor Acadamy

wards held as a prisoner and sent with his son to Edinburgh castle.

It is not clear how far Montrose himself was guilty of this breach of faith. The Covenanters had always detested Huntly, and it is possible that he found it difficult to act against them. At any rate he does not appear to have taken any active steps to stop their proceedings, and in after days paid a heavy penalty for his weakness.

Shortly after the English army, consisting of nineteen ships and five thousand men, arrived in the Firth of Forth. But so dense were the crowds on both shores that Hamilton, who commanded it, saw that landing was impossible.

Suddenly the multitude gathered at Leith, the port of Edinburgh, parted asunder, and down the midst rode an old lady with a pistol in her hand. Hamilton looked with the rest and turned pale at the sight. The old lady was his own mother, who in a voice that almost seemed loud enough to reach the vessel where her son stood, declared she would shoot him dead before he should set foot on land.

Koviloor Acadamy

The time was evidently not ripe for invasion, so the men encamped on the little islands in the Forth, and spent their days in drill.

As often during Montrose's wars, Aberdeen was again the centre of fighting, but again the General preserved the city from pillage, against the express wishes, and even orders, of the Covenanters. Then came the news that a peace, or rather truce, had been signed at Berwick, by which Charles had consented that a parliament should assemble at Edinburgh in August. Though, as he insisted that the fourteen Scottish bishops should be present at its sittings, wise men shook their heads, and prophesied that no good could come of the measure.

Their fears were soon justified. Riots broke out in the capital, and Aboyne, Huntly's son, narrowly escaped violence. The people refused to allow the army to be disbanded or the fortresses to be dismantled, as had been stipulated by the peace, till the King had fulfilled the promise made by Hamilton at the assembly at Glasgow of abolishing the bishops.

Koviloor Acadamy

This he showed no signs of doing, but merely desired a number of the leading Covenanters to appear before him. Six only obeyed, at the risk, some thought, of imprisonment or death. But neither Rothes nor Montrose, who headed them, was given to think of peril to himself.

The old Covenanter seems to have told Charles some plain truths, and the King in return forgot the courtesy which so distinguished him, and retorted that Rothes was a liar. No man was present when Montrose was summoned to confer with the King, and neither he nor Charles ever let fall a word upon the subject. But after that day his friends noted that he was no longer as bitter as before against his sovereign, nor so entirely convinced that the Covenanters were right in their acts.

Yet, whatever his feelings may have been, he strongly opposed the King's desire of filling the bishop's vacant places with inferior clergy at the meeting of Parliament. And, as might have been expected, the assembly was prorogued, leaving matters precisely as they were.

Koviloor Acadamy

THE MARQUIS OF MONTROSE

IN THE SERVICE OF THE KING

AFTER this the Scots took on themselves the management of their own affairs. A Committee of Estates was formed, to which was entrusted absolute power both in state and army. Leslie was one of this committee, Montrose was another. And immediately he set about raising troops from his own lands, and carried out the plan of campaign that had been agreed on by attacking Airlie castle.

On its surrender he garrisoned it with a few men, and went away. Shortly after Argyll arrived, turned out the garrison, and burned the castle, at the same time accusing Montrose of treason to the Covenant in having spared it. But the Committee of Estates declared Montrose "to have done his duty as a true soldier of the Covenant," and the accusation fell to the ground.

Montrose, however, though entirely cleared of the charge, was not slow to read the signs of the times. He saw that the Covenanters were no longer content with guarding their own liberties of church and state, but desired to set at naught

Koviloor Acadamy

the King's authority, perhaps even to depose him.

So he and certain of his friends, Mar, Almond, and Erskine among them, formed a bond by which they swore to uphold the old Covenant which they had signed in 1638, "to the hazard of their lives, fortunes, and estates, against the particular perhaps indirect practicing of a few." This was the Covenant to which Montrose held all his life, and for which he was hanged beside the city cross.

Having as he hoped taken measures to checkmate Argyll, Montrose joined the army, which had now swelled to twenty-five thousand men. He was the first to cross the Tweed at Coldstream, and marched straight on Newcastle. The town surrendered without firing a shot, and Montrose sent a letter to the King again professing his loyalty.

When later he was imprisoned on a charge of treason to the Covenant in so doing, he answered that his conscience was clear in the matter, and that it was no more than they had all declared in the Covenant, which no man could deny. But soon another storm was raised on account of the famous bond which he and his friends had made

Koviloor Acadamy

a short time before they were put in prison, and the clamor was so great that even his own party was alarmed, and gave it up to be burned by the hangmen.

Montrose's next object was to induce the King to come to Edinburgh in order to persuade the Scots that he was ready to keep his word, and to grant the country the religious and civil liberties demanded by the Covenant. Charles came, and was gracious and charming as he knew how to be, even going to the Presbyterian service, which he hated. This pleased everyone, and hopes ran high. But the quarrel was too grave to be soothed by a few soft words spoken or a few titles given.

Plots and rumors of plots were rife in Edinburgh, and the King was forced to employ not the men he wished, but the men whom the Parliament desired. In November he returned to England, first promising that he would never take into his service Montrose, who had just been released after five months spent in prison, where he had been thrown with the rest of his party after the discovery of the bond.

To one who knew Scotland as well as Montrose

Koviloor Acadamy

it was apparent that the Scotch Parliament and the English would speedily join hands, and he retired to one of his houses to watch the course of events. The Covenanters tried to win him back, but Montrose felt that they disagreed among themselves, and that it would be impossible for him to serve under them.

Meanwhile in England things marched rapidly. Edgehill had been fought, episcopacy had been abolished by Parliament in England as well as Scotland; and Hamilton's brother Lanark was using the Great Seal to raise a Scotch army against the King, for, by a treaty called the Solemn League and Covenant, Scotland was to fight with the English Parliament against the King, and England was to abolish bishops and become Presbyterian like Scotland. England, however, did not keep her promise.

It was then that Charles, in his desperation, turned to Montrose. Montrose was too skillful and experienced a general to think lightly of the struggle before him. But he formed a plan by which Scotland was to be invaded on the west by the Earl of Antrim from Ireland, while he

Koviloor Acadamy

himself, reinforced by royalist troops, would fall on the Scotch who were on the border. However the reinforcements he expected hardly amounted, when they came, to eleven hundred men, and these being composed of the two nations were constantly quarrelling, which added to the difficulties of the commander.

At Dumfries he halted, and read a proclamation stating that "he was King's man, as he had been Covenanter, for the defence and maintenance of the true Protestant religion, his Majesty's just and sacred authority, the laws and privileges of Parliament, the peace and freedom of oppressed and thralled subjects." Adding that "if he had not known perfectly the King's intention to be such and so real as is already expressed" he would "never have embarked himself in his service," and if he "saw any appearance of the King changing" from these resolutions he would continue no longer "his faithful servant."

Thus he said, and thus we may believe he felt, but none the less not a man joined his standard as he marched along the border. He tried to reach Prince Rupert, the King's nephew, in Yorkshire,

Koviloor Acadamy

but Marston Moor had been lost before he arrived there.

Then, dressed as a groom, he started for Perthshire. After four days he arrived at the house of his kinsman, Graham of Inchbrackie. Here he learned that the whole of the country beyond the Tay was covenanting, with the single exception of the territory of the Gordons. No one knew of his presence, for he still wore his disguise, and slept in a little hut in the woods, where food was brought him. All day he wandered about the lonely hills, thinking over the tangled state of affairs, and waiting for the right moment to strike.

One afternoon when he was lying on the heather, wondering if he ought not to come out of his hiding and join either the Gordons or Prince Rupert, he beheld a man running quickly over the moor, holding in his hand the Fiery Cross. As every Highlander knew, this was the call to arms. Starting to his feet, Montrose stopped the man and asked the meaning of the signal, and whither he was going.

"To Perth," answered the messenger, "for a great army of Irishmen have swooped down in the

Koviloor Acadamy

Athóll country, and Alastair Macdonald is their leader. I myself have seen them, and I must not tarry."

So on he sped, leaving Montrose with his puzzle solved. The Irishmen whom he expected had arrived, and he would go to meet them.

There was no need for hiding any more. Glad was he to throw off his disguise and put on his Highland dress again. Then, accompanied by the Laird of Inchbrackie, he walked across the hills to join Macdonald, bearing the royal standard on his shoulder.

As soon as he reached the meeting-place where the clans and the Irish were already waiting, he stuck the standard in the ground, and, standing by it, he read aloud the King's commission to him as lieutenant-general. Shouts of joy made answer when he had done, and next Montrose went round the ranks to inspect the troops he was to fight with, and find out what arms they had. The numbers only amounted to about twenty-three hundred, and it was not long before the clans began to quarrel with each other, and all with the Irish. As to their weapons, the Irish had matchlock guns,

Koviloor Acadamy

which took a long time to load, and one round of ammunition apiece, while the Highlanders had seized upon anything that happened to be in their cottages and showed a medley of bows, pikes, clubs, and claymores—a kind of broad sword. As to horses, they could muster only three.

With this ragged army Montrose marched, and his first victory was gained against Lord Elcho, on the wide plain of Tippermuir, near Perth.

The Covenanting force was nearly double that of the royalists, but many of the troops were citizens of Perth, who thought more of their own skins than of the cause for which they were fighting. When Montrose's fierce charge had broken their ranks, they all turned and fled, and many of them are said to have "bursted with running" before they got safely within the city gates.

In Perth, Montrose fitted out his army with stores, arms, and clothes, and released some of the prisoners on their promising not to serve against him, while others enlisted under the royal banner. Before he set out for Aberdeen he was joined by his two eldest sons and their tutor, Master Forrett. In Forfarshire he found Lord Airlie and his sons

Koviloor Acadamy

awaiting him, with the welcome addition of fifty horse, which formed his entire cavalry.

These, and fifteen hundred foot, were all the army he had when he crossed the Dee fifteen miles from Aberdeen, and the Covenanters mustered a thousand more.

Two miles from the town the two armies met. As was his custom, Montrose sent an envoy summoning the enemy to surrender, and with the envoy went a little drummer-boy, who was wantonly shot down by a Covenanter.

When Montrose heard of this deed of deliberate cruelty his face grew dark, but he began to dispose his men to the best advantage. Both sides fought well, and for a moment victory seemed uncertain; then Montrose brought up reinforcements and decided the day by one of his rapid charges.

He had already bidden the magistrates of Aberdeen to bring out the women and children to a place of safety as he would not answer for their lives. But, as he had twice preserved the city from pillage, it is probable they looked on his words as a mere idle threat, and left them where they were.

Koviloor Acadamy

After the battle the sack began; houses were burned and robbed, and many fell victims, though the dead, including those who had fallen in battle, did not exceed a hundred and eighteen. But his friends lamented that this time also he had not restrained his soldiers, and a price of £20,000 was set on his head by the enraged Covenanters.

Never was Montrose's power of moving his men swiftly from one place to another more greatly needed than now. The Gordons were all in arms against him. Argyll was advancing from the south with a strong force, and Montrose had been obliged to send a large body of men into the west under Macdonald to raise fresh levies. With the remainder he retired into the Grampians, and turned and twisted about among the mountains, Argyll always following.

At Fyvie, Montrose suddenly learned that his enemy was within two miles of him. Hastily ordering all the pewter vessels that could be found in the castle to be melted down for bullets, he disposed his troops on a hill, where a few trees and some outhouses gave them cover.

Here they waited while the Covenanters gal-

Koviloor Acadamy

lantly made the best of their way upwards. Then Montrose turned to young O'Gahan, who commanded the Irish, and said gaily: "Come, what are you about? Drive those rascals from our defences, and see we are not troubled by them again."

Down came the Irishmen with a rush which scattered the Covenanters far and wide. And seizing some bags of powder that lay handy, the victors retreated up the hill again, while Montrose with some musketeers attacked Argyll's flank, till they retired hastily.

After this defeat the Covenanting leader went into Argyllshire, where was his strong castle of Inverary, by the sea. But Montrose crossed the pathless mountains, deep in snow, drove Argyll to Edinburgh, and, when he came back with all his clan, turned on them suddenly, destroyed them at Inverlochy, but Argyll escaped in a boat. The hopes of the King's Lieutenant rose high as he thought of all he had done with the few undisciplined troops at his command.

"I trust before the end of this summer I shall be able to come to your Majesty's assistance with a brave army," he wrote.

Koviloor Acadamy

But meanwhile he dared not go to Edinburgh, where he had been sentenced to death by the Committee of Estates, and his property declared forfeited. Though the campaign had been successful beyond his expectations, yet his heart was heavy, for his eldest son had died of cold and exposure and the second was a prisoner in Edinburgh castle.

Such was the state of things when he went west again into the country of the Macdonalds, who flocked to his standard. On the other hand the Lowlanders fell off, and began to cast longing eyes at the rewards promised to those who joined the Covenant.

If Montrose could only have forced a battle on Baillie, who commanded the Covenanting army, another victory would probably have been gained, but Baillie was wise, and declined to fight. Then the Highlanders grew sullen and impatient, and every day saw them striding over the hills to their own homes. By the time he reached Dunkeld the royal army had shrunk to six hundred foot and two hundred horse.

With this small force he entered Dundee, the

Koviloor Acadamy

great fortress of the Covenant, and his men took to drinking. At that moment news was brought him that Baillie was at the gates, and with marvellous rapidity he collected his men and marched them out of the east gate as the English entered by the west. The Grampians were within a long march, and once there Montrose knew he was safe.

And, far away in Sweden and in Germany, the generals who had been trained under Wallenstein and under Gustavus Adolphus looked on, and wondered at the skill with which Montrose met and defeated the armies and the wealth arrayed against him.

THE LOST CAUSE

BUT to those who had eyes to see the end was certain. It was to no purpose that he, with the aid of the Gordons, now once more on his side, gained a victory at Auldearn, between Inverness and Elgin, and another at Alford, south of the Don, which cost him the life and support of Huntly's son, Lord Gordon. In vain did Ogilvies, Murrays, and Gordons swell his ranks, and the Covenanting

Koviloor Acadamy

Committee play into his hands by forcing Baillie to fight when the General knew that defeat was inevitable.

The battle of Kilsyth had been won near Glasgow on August 14, and the day was so hot that Montrose ordered his men to strip to their shirts so that they might have no more weight to carry than was strictly necessary. Baillie was not even allowed to choose his own ground, but though he did all that man could do, the struggle was hopeless, and the Fife levies were soon in flight.

Only a year had passed since Montrose, now Captain-General and Viceroy of Scotland, had taken the field, and yet the whole country was subdued, largely by the help of the Irish, and of their leader Macdonald, whom he had knighted after Kilsyth. But for the royalist cause Naseby had been lost, Wales was wavering, Ireland was useless, and Montrose was not strong enough to make up for them all.

From Kilsyth, which is near Glasgow, it was easy for Macdonald to lead his men across the hills and lay waste the territories of his hereditary enemy Argyll. He would, he said, return to Mon-

Koviloor Acadamy

trose if he was wanted; but the Marquis took the words for what they were worth, and waited to see whose turn to desert would come next.

It was young Aboyne, who was tired of fighting, which had not brought him any of the rewards he thought his due. And he took with him four hundred horse and many infantry.

At the end there only remained five hundred of Macdonald's Irish, who had cast in their lot with Montrose, and about one hundred horsemen. With these he marched to the south, trusting in the promises of help freely given by the great border nobles, and hoping to enter England and help the King.

And doubtless these promises would have been kept had the King's cause shown signs of triumph. But the speedy advance of four thousand horsemen under David Leslie, the best cavalry officer of the day, turned the scale. Roxburgh and Home at once proclaimed themselves on the side of the Covenant, and only Douglas reached Montrose's camp on the river Gala, and brought a few untrained and unwilling recruits with him.

It was the best he could do, yet he knew well

Koviloor Acadamy

enough how little reliance could be placed on his country contingent, who had been taught to look on the King and Montrose as monsters of evil, seeking to destroy whatever they held most dear.

It was on September 12 that Montrose drew up his forces at Philiphaugh between a line of hills and the river Ettrick, while shelter was given on the west by some rising ground covered with trees. Trenches had been made still further to protect them, and the Irish foot soldiers were ordered to occupy the position, which seemed secure against attack.

But on this day, which was destined to decide whether the King or the Covenant should rule Scotland, Montrose's military skill, even his good sense, deserted him. He posted his horse and best generals at Philiphaugh, on the other side of the river close to Selkirk, and he himself slept in the town.

More than this, instead of placing his sentinels himself, as was his invariable custom, he allowed his officers to do it, and also to send out whatever scouts they may have thought necessary without orders from himself. He sat undisturbed, writ-

Koviloor Acadamy

ing despatches, little knowing that Leslie was only three miles away, at Sunderland Hall.

So the night of the 12th passed, and Montrose took counsel with the three men he most trusted, the Earls of Crawford and Airlie, and his brother-in-law, old Lord Napier, as to what should be their next step when the battle was won. The mist was thick and heavy over the land when morning dawned. But in spite of the cold their hearts grew light as one scout after another came in, reporting that there was not a sign of an enemy within miles.

Had they been bribed? We shall never know. Yet it is hardly possible that they could all have overlooked the presence of several thousand men so close to their own camp. At that very moment Leslie's army was crossing the river, and it began the attack while the royalists were putting on their uniforms for an inspection.

Montrose was at breakfast in Selkirk when a messenger burst in upon him with the news. But before he could ford the river with his horse his left wing had given way under Leslie's steady pressure. At the head of a handful of troops, and fol-

Koviloor Acadamy

lowed closely by his faithful friends, Montrose twice charged the Covenanters and forced them to retire.

But a detachment of Leslie's men which had crossed the river higher up fell upon the right wing, composed of the Irish, who were placed in the wood. Desperate was the fight and bravely and faithfully the King's men died at their posts.

Montrose seems to have wished to die too. Bitterly he must later have regretted that he listened to his friends, who bade him remember his duty as a general, and besought him to fly. At length he yielded, and with fifty comrades galloped off the field, bearing the standards with him.

With the battle of Philiphaugh the cause of the King was hopelessly lost, and with it also the fortunes of his followers. A hundred of the Irish surrendered on promise of quarter, and were shot down next day, while their wives and children were killed on the spot, or imprisoned, and hanged later.

Strange as it may appear to us, Montrose did not recognize the meaning of the defeat, and, with the dash and energy that marked him to the last,

Koviloor Acadamy

he collected a fresh army of Highlanders, and prepared to set out for the south, hoping to rescue his personal friends, who were now prisoners in Glasgow. Yet again his judgment failed him. Instead of attacking the English general who was holding Huntly in check in the north of Aberdeenshire, he left him alone, and then found that without the Gordons he was not strong enough to cope with Leslie's army.

Once more the mountains were his refuge, and from their shelter he crept out to attend the burial of his wife in the town of Montrose. On his way he probably passed the ruins of his castles, which had been burned by order of the Covenanters.

Owing to the special desire of the Scottish rulers every possible degradation was heaped on the imprisoned nobles. It was a rare favor indeed when they were suffered to die on the block, and not by the common hangman. Lord Ogilvy was saved by his sister, who, like Lady Nithsdale sixty years later, forced him to exchange his clothes for hers, and remained in his cell, ready to take the consequences.

Then came the rumor that the King, with

Koviloor Acadamy

cropped hair like a Puritan and wearing a disguise, had ridden over Magdalen bridge at Oxford, attended by Lord Ashburnham and Hudson, his chaplain, and entered the Scottish camp in the hope of softening his foes by submission. He was soon undeceived as to the way in which they regarded him. Before he had even eaten or rested he was begged, or bidden, to order the surrender of Newark, which still held out, and to command Montrose to lay down his sword.

Charles, whose manhood returned to him in these hours of darkness, positively refused. But at Newcastle he found he was powerless to resist, and wrote to his faithful servant to disband his army and to go himself to France.

In the letter which the Marquis sent in reply he asks nothing for himself, but entreats the King to obtain the best terms possible for those who had fought for him. And the conditions arranged by Middleton were certainly better than either King or General expected.

The men who had served in Montrose's wars were given their lives and liberty, and also were

Koviloor Acadamy

allowed to retain whatever lands had not been already handed over to other people. As to Montrose himself, he, with Crawford and Hurry the general, was to leave Scotland before September 1 in a ship belonging to the Committee of Estates. Should they be found in the country after that date death would be the penalty.

After disbanding his army, or what was left of it, in the King's name, and thanking them for their services, Montrose went to Forfarshire to await the ship which was to convey him to France. But day after day passed without a sign of it, and the Marquis soon became convinced that treachery was intended, and took measures to prevent it.

Leaving old Montrose, he went to Stonehaven, another little town on the coast, and settled with a Norwegian captain to lie off Montrose on a certain day. So when, on August 31, the Covenanting captain at last appeared, and declared his ship would not be ready to sail for another eight days—by which time, of course, Montrose's life would be forfeit—he found his bird flown. The exile and a friend had disguised themselves and put off one

Koviloor Acadamy

morning in a small boat to the larger vessel that was waiting for them. In a week they were safe across the North Sea at Bergen.

EXILE

BUT Norway was merely a stepping-stone to Paris, where the Queen of England was living under the protection of her sister-in-law, Anne of Austria, and of the young King Louis XIV.

The handsome pension allowed her in the beginning gradually ceased when the civil war of the Fronde broke out in 1648, and, as we know, she was found one day by a visitor sitting with her little girl, whom she had kept in bed because she could not afford a fire. And even at this time, in 1647, she always spent whatever she had, so from one cause or another no money was forthcoming to help Montrose. He perhaps did not understand the situation, and thought that she was unkind and careless of her husband's welfare.

As often before, he spoke out his feelings when he would have done better to be silent, and pressed

Koviloor Acadamy

on the Queen advice that was not asked for, and may not have been possible to follow. Yet, if he felt that there was no place for him in the little English court, ample evidence was given him of the high respect in which he was held elsewhere.

The all-powerful minister, Cardinal Mazarin, desired to enlist him in the French service, and the greatest nobles paid court to him. Montrose, however, was not the sort of man to find healing for his sorrows in honors such as these. He gave a grateful and courteous refusal to all proposals, and bidding farewell to his hosts, made his way to Prague to offer his sword to the Emperor Ferdinand.

Like the rest, the Emperor received him warmly, and created him a field-marshal, but there was no post for Montrose in the Austrian army. In the end he joined some friends in Brussels, whence he kept up an intimate correspondence with Elizabeth of Bohemia, sister of Charles I, who was staying at The Hague with her niece, Mary of Orange, and the young Prince of Wales.

There in February arrived the news of the King's execution, and when he heard it Montrose

Koviloor Acadamy

vowed that the rest of his life should be spent in the service of the King's son, and in avenging his master. Charles II did not like him. Montrose was too grave and too little of a courtier, besides, the new King had listened and believed the stories to his discredit brought by men whose fortunes had been ruined in their own country, and who sought to build them up in Holland!

Charles soon found for himself how untrue were these tales. And though the two never could become friends, he recognized Montrose's loyalty and ability and appointed him Commander-in-Chief of the royal forces and Lieutenant-Governor of Scotland, and gave him leave to get what mercenaries he could from Sweden and Denmark.

Full of hope, Montrose at once set off on his recruiting journey, and sent off some troops to the Orkneys to be drilled under the Earls of Kinnoull and Morton. But Morton in a very short time caught fever and died. Meanwhile his friend, Elizabeth of Bohemia, looked on with distrust and alarm at her nephew's proceedings, for well she knew, as did Charles himself, that the sur-

Koviloor Acadamy

render of Montrose would be the first article of any treaty made by the Covenant.

She even wrote to put Montrose on his guard. But he, judging the King by himself, believed the assurances of help and support given in Charles' own letters, accompanied by the gift of the Garter, as a pledge of their fulfilment.

He was bidden to lose no time in opening the campaign, but one thousand out of the twelve hundred men whom he despatched went down in a great gale, and only two hundred reached the shore. So April had come before Montrose had collected sufficient soldiers to march southwards. And by that time the forces of the enemy were ready to meet him.

It was on April 27 that Montrose's last battle was fought at Carbisdale, near the Kyle, where the rivers Shin and Oykel reach the sea. The Earl of Sutherland secured the passes of the hills, while Colonel Strachan and a large body of cavalry approached from the south.

When they arrived within a few miles of the royalist camp at the head of the Kyle, Strachan ordered two divisions of his cavalry to proceed

Koviloor Acadamy

under cover of some woods and broken ground, and only suffered a few horse, led by himself, to remain visible. These were seen, as they were meant to be, by Montrose's scouts, who, as at Philiphaugh, were either careless or treacherous or very stupid, and they brought back the report that the Covenanting force was weak.

Montrose, taking for granted the truth of their report, disposed of his foot on a flat stretch of ground, and ordered his horse to advance. Then the trees and the hills "started to life with armed men." The Orkney Islanders fled without striking a blow. And though the foreign troops made a stout resistance, they were overpowered by numbers, and those of their leaders who were not dead were taken prisoners.

Montrose, who was badly wounded, fought desperately on foot. But at length after much entreaty accepted the horse ridden by Sutherland's nephew and dashed away into the hills, throwing away as he did so his star, sword and cloak, a fatal act, which brought about his discovery and death. Their horses were next abandoned, and Montrose changed clothes with a peasant. Then with young

Koviloor Acadamy

MONTROSE FOUGHT DESPERATELY ON FOOT

Koviloor Acadamy

Lord Kinnoull and Sinclair of Caithness plunged into the wild mountains that lay on the west.

PRISONER OF THE COVENANTERS

Now began for the three fugitives the period of bodily anguish that was to cease only with their lives. The country was strange to them, and was almost bare of inhabitants. For two days they sought in vain to find a road which might take them to Caithness, whence they could escape to France or Norway. During these two days they ate absolutely nothing, and passed the cold nights under the stars. At length Kinnoull, who had always been delicate, flung himself down on the heather, and in a few hours died of exhaustion. There his friends were forced to leave him, without even a grave, and wandered on, their steps and their hearts heavier than before, till a light suddenly beamed at them out of the dusk. It was a shepherd's cottage, where they were given some milk and oatmeal, the first food they had eaten since the battle. But the man dared not take them into his hut, lest he should bring on him-

Koviloor Acadamy

self the wrath of the Covenant for harboring royalists, even though he knew not who they were.

The reward offered for Montrose sharpened men's eyes and ears, and in two days he was discovered lying on the mountain side almost too weak to move. It was Macleod of Assynt to whom the deadly shame of his betrayal is said to belong, and Montrose prayed earnestly that the mercy of a bullet in his heart might be vouchsafed him. But the man who for many years had defied all Scotland could not be dealt with like a common soldier. So he was put on a small Shetland pony, with his feet tied together underneath, and led through roaring, hissing crowds, which pressed to see him in every town through which they had to pass.

The wounds that he had received in the battle were still untouched, and he was feverish from the pain. This was another cause of rejoicing to his foes. But they were careful to give him food lest he should escape them as Kinnoull had done. And at each halting-place there came a minister to heap on his head insults and reproaches which he seldom deigned to answer.

Koviloor Acadamy

But though the ministers of peace and goodwill had no words bad enough for him, one is glad to think that Leslie did what he could, and allowed his friends to see him whenever they asked to do so. He also permitted Montrose to accept and wear the clothes of a gentleman, which were given him by the people of Dundee. It was to Leslie also that he probably owed a last interview with his two little boys, when he stopped for the night at the castle of Kinnaird, from which he had been married.

From Dundee the prisoner was brought by ship to Leith, and taken to the palace of Holyrood. Here he was received by the magistrates of the city in their robes of office, with the provost, or mayor, at their head. The order of the Parliament was read, and he listened "with a majesty and state becoming him, and kept a countenance high."

Then his friends, who, like himself, were prisoners, were ordered to walk, chained two together, through the streets. Behind them came Montrose, seated bareheaded on a chair in a cart driven by the hangman. The streets of the old town were

Koviloor Acadamy

crowded by people who came to mock and jeer, but remained dumb with shame and pity.

The cart slowly went on its way, and at seven they reached the Tolbooth prison, with the gallows thirty feet high standing as it had twelve years before beside the city cross.

The last days of Montrose were disturbed by the constant visits of ministers, who tried to force from him a confession of treachery to the Covenant, but in vain.

"The covenant which I took," he said, "I own it and adhere to it. Bishops I care not for. I never intended to advance their interest. But when the King had granted you all your desires, and you were everyone sitting under his vine and under his fig tree, that then you should have taken a party in England by the hand and entered into a league and covenant with them against the King was the thing I judged my duty to oppose to the yondmost."

These words are the explanation of Montrose's conduct in changing from one side to another. But little he guessed that the new King, by whose express orders he had undertaken his present hope-

Koviloor Acadamy

less mission, had only a few days before, at the conference of Breda, bade his viceroy disband his army and to leave Scotland.

This knowledge, which would have added bitterness to his fate, was spared him; as was the further revelation of the baseness of Charles II, who gave orders to his messenger not to deliver the document if he found Montrose likely to get the upper hand.

As an act of extraordinary generosity the Parliament, which had voted to Colonel Strachan a diamond clasp for his share in the final defeat of Montrose, permitted the prisoner's friends to provide him with a proper dress, so that he might appear suitably before them. Their courtesy did not, however, extend to a barber to shave him, a favor which, as he said, "might have been allowed to a dog."

But he must have looked very splendid as he stood at the bar of the House, in black cloth trimmed with silver, and a deep lace collar, a scarlet cloak likewise trimmed with silver falling over his shoulders, a band of silver on his beaver hat, and scarlet shoes and stockings.

Koviloor Acadamy

A long list of his crimes was read to him, and these one by one he denied.

"For the league," he said, "I thank God I never was in it, and so could not break it. Never was any man's blood spilt save in battle, and even then, many thousand lives have I preserved. As for my coming at this time, it was by his Majesty's just commands;" the command of the King who a week earlier had abandoned him!

But of what use are words and denial when the doom is already fixed? The chancellor's reply was merely a series of insults. Then the prisoner was ordered to kneel and hear the sentence read by Warriston, by whose side he had stood on the scaffold in 1638 when the first covenant was read, and old Lord Rothes had made his dark prophecy.

He had known beforehand what it would be, hanging, drawing, and quartering, with a copy of his last declaration and the history of his wars tied round his neck, and no burial for his body unless he confessed his guilt at the last. This did not trouble him.

"I will carry honor and fidelity with me to the grave," he had said eight years before, and that no

Koviloor Acadamy

grave was to be allowed him mattered little. The ceremony over, he was led back to the Tolbooth, where his gaoler kept him free from the ministers who would fain have thrust their sermons and reproaches on the dying man.

LAST DAYS

SOLDIERS were early under arms on the morning of May 21, for even now the Parliament greatly dreaded a rescue. With the "unaltered countenance" he had borne ever since his capture, Montrose heard the beating of drums and trumpets, and answered calmly the taunt of Warriston as to his vanity in dressing his hair.

"My head is yet my own," said Montrose, "and I will arrange it to my taste. To-night, when it will be yours, treat it as you please."

Every roof and window in the High Street and within sight of the city cross was filled with people as Montrose, clad in scarlet and black, walked calmly down at three that afternoon. "Many of his enemies did acknowledge him to be the bravest subject in the world," writes one who beheld him,

Koviloor Acadamy

and he walked up the steps as quietly as if he were taking his place to see some interesting sight.

They feared him too much to allow him to speak to the crowd, as was the custom. But he addressed himself to the magistrates and the ministers who were standing on the platform.

Once more he confessed his faith and his loyalty. And when, in accordance with the sentence, the hangman suspended the two books round his neck, he said, "they have given me a decoration more brilliant than the garter." Then Montrose mounted the ladder, and the hangman burst into tears as he gave the last touch.

So died Montrose, and eleven years later the King who had disowned him bethought him of his fate. In January 1661 the Parliament, which had been summoned by the restored monarch, Charles II, "thought fit to honor Montrose his carcase with a glorious second burial, to compensate the dishonor of the first." His limbs, which had been placed over the gates of the cities made memorable by his victories, remained in state at Holyrood for four months, and May 11 was fixed to lay them where they now rest, in the church of St. Giles.

Koviloor Acadamy

Heralds in their many-colored robes arranged the procession, and the train-bands occupied the street to keep off the dense crowds. The magistrates, headed by the provost, walked two and two in deep mourning; had any of them taken part in that brutal scene eleven years ago? Behind them came the barons and the burgesses.

Next followed the dead man's kinsmen bearing his armor, the Order of the Garter, and his field-marshal's baton, and behind the coffin came his two sons and most of his kindred. Middleton, as Lord High Commissioner and representative of the King, occupied the place of honor, and brought up the rear in a coach drawn by six horses, with six bareheaded gentlemen riding on each hand.

Thus was Montrose lowered into his grave to the sound of the guns that he loved, which thundered from the castle. He has a beautiful tomb in the old church of St. Giles, adorned with the coats-of-arms of the Grahams and Napiers and his other brothers-in-arms.

Koviloor Acadamy

THE ADVENTURES OF THE "BULL OF EARLSTOUN"

THIS is the story of the life of Alexander Gordon, of Earlstoun in Galloway. Earlstoun is a bonny place, sitting above the waterside of the Ken in the fair strath of the Glenkens, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright. The gray tower stands ruinous and empty to-day. But once it was a pleasant dwelling, and dear to the hearts of those that had dwelt in it when they

Koviloor Acadamy

were in foreign lands or hiding out on the wild, wide moors.

It was the time when Charles II wished to compel most of the people of Scotland to change their religion and worship as he bade them. Some obeyed the King. But most of them hated the new order of things, and cleaved in their hearts to their old ways and to their old ministers, who had been put out of their kirks and manses at the coming of the King.

Many even set themselves to resist the King in open battle rather than obey him in the matter of their consciences. It was only in this that they were rebellious, for many of them had been active in bringing him again to the throne.

Among those who thus went out to fight were William Gordon and his son Alexander. William Gordon was a grave, courteous, and venerable man, and his estate was one of the best in all the province of Galloway. Like nearly all the lairds in the south and west he was strongly of the Presbyterian party, and resolved to give up life and lands rather than his principles.

Now the King was doubtless ill-advised, and his

Koviloor Acadamy

councillors did not take the kindly or the wise way with the people at this time. A host of wild Highlanders had been turned into the land, who plundered in cotter's hut and laird's hall without much distinction between those that stood for the Covenants and those that held for the King.

So in the year 1679 Galloway was very hot and angry, and many were ready to fight the King's forces wherever they could be met with.

Hearing news of a revolt in the West, William Gordon rode away, with many good riders at his back, to take his place in the ranks of the rebels. His son Alexander, whose story we are to tell, was there before him.

The Covenanting army had gained one success in Drumclog, which gave them some hope. But at Bothwell Bridge their forces were utterly broken, largely through their own quarrels, by the Duke of Monmouth and the disciplined troops of the Government.

Alexander Gordon had to flee from the field of Bothwell. He came home to Earlstoun alone. His father had been met about six miles from the battle-field by a troop of horse, and as he refused

Koviloor Acadamy

to surrender, he was slain there and buried in the parish of Glassford.

Immediately after Bothwell, Alexander Gordon was compelled to go into hiding with a price upon his head. Unlike his father, he was very ready-witted, free with his tongue, even boisterous upon occasion, and of very great bodily strength.

These qualities stood him in good stead during the long period of his wandering and when lying in concealment among the hills. The day after Bothwell he was passing through the town of Hamilton, when he was recognized by an old retainer of the family.

"Save us, Maister Alexander," said the man, who remembered the ancient kindnesses of his family. "Do you not know that it is death for you to be found here?"

So saying he made his young master dismount, and carried away all his horseman's gear and his arms, which he hid in a heap of field-manure behind the house. Then he took Earlstoun to his own house, and put upon him a long dress of his wife's.

Hardly had he been clean-shaven, and arrayed

Koviloor Acadamy

in a clean white mutch (cap), when the troopers came clattering into the town. They had heard that he and some others of the prominent rebels had passed that way. They went from door to door, knocking and asking, "Saw ye anything of Sandy Gordon of Earlstoun?"

So going from house to house they came to the door of the ancient Gordon retainer. Earlstoun had hardly time to run to the corner and begin to rock the cradle with his foot before the soldiers came to ask the same question there.

But they passed on without suspicion, only saying one to the other as they went out, "My certes, Billy, but yon was a sturdy hizzie!"

After that there was nothing but the heather and the mountain cave for Alexander Gordon for many a day. He had wealth of adventures, travelling by night, and hiding and sleeping by day.

Sometimes he would venture to the house of one who sympathized with the Covenanters, only to find that the troopers were already in possession. Sometimes, in utter weariness, he slept so long that when he awoke he would find a party searching for him quite close at hand. Then there

Koviloor Acadamy

was nothing for it but to lie close like a hare in a covert till the danger passed by.

Once when he came to his own house of Earlstoun he was there only an hour or two before the soldiers arrived to search for him. His wife had hardly time to stow him in a secret recess behind the ceiling of a room over the kitchen. In this place he abode several days, having his meals passed to him from above, and breathing through a crevice in the wall.

After this misadventure he was sometimes in Galloway and sometimes in Holland for three or four years. He might even have remained in the Low Countries. But his services were so necessary to his party in Scotland that he was repeatedly summoned to come over into Galloway and the West to take up the work of organizing resistance to the Government.

During most of this time the Tower of Earlstoun was a barracks of the soldiers. It was only by watching his opportunity that Alexander Gordon could come home to see his wife, and put his hand upon his bairns' heads as they lay a-row in their cots. Yet come he sometimes did, especially

Koviloor Acadamy

when the soldiers of the garrison were away on duty in the more distant parts of Galloway.

Then the wanderer would steal indoors in the gloaming, soft-footed like a thief, into his own house, and sit talking with his wife and an old retainer or two who could be trusted with the secret. Yet while he sat there one was ever on the watch. At the slightest sign of King's men in the neighborhood Alexander Gordon rushed out and ran to the great oak tree, which you may see to this day standing in sadly-diminished glory in front of the great house of Earlstoun.

Now it stands alone, all the trees of the forest having been cut away from around it during the subsequent poverty which fell upon the family. A rope ladder lay snugly concealed among the ivy that clad the trunk of the tree. Up this Alexander Gordon climbed.

When he arrived at the top he pulled the ladder after him, and found himself upon an ingeniously constructed platform built with a shelter over it from the rain, high among the branchy tops of the great oak. His faithful wife, Jean Hamilton, could make signals to him out of one of the top

Koviloor Acadamy

windows of Earlstoun when it was safe for him to approach the house.

If you go now to look for the tree, it is indeed plain and easy to be seen. But though now so shorn and lonely, there is no doubt that two hundred years ago it stood undistinguished among a thousand others that thronged the woodland about the Tower of Earlstoun.

Often, in order to give Alexander Gordon a false sense of security, the garrison would be withdrawn for a week or two. Then in the middle of some murky night or early in the morning twilight the house would be surrounded and the whole place ransacked in search of its absent master.

On one occasion, the man who came running along the narrow river-path from Dalry had hardly time to arouse Gordon before the dragoons were heard clattering down through the wood from the high-road. There was no time to gain the great oak in safety, where he had so often hid in time of need.

All Alexander Gordon could do was to put on the rough jerkin of a laboring man, and set to cleaving firewood in the courtyard with the scold-

Koviloor Acadamy

ing assistance of a maid-servant. When the troopers entered to search for the master of the house, they heard the maid vehemently "flyting" the great hulking lout for his awkwardness, and threatening to "draw a stick across his back" if he did not work to a better tune.

The commander ordered him to drop his axe, and to point out the different rooms and hiding-places about the castle. Alexander Gordon did so with an air of indifference, as if hunting Whigs were much the same to him as cleaving firewood.

He did his duty with a stupid unconcern which successfully imposed on the soldiers. And as soon as they allowed him to go, he fell to his wood-chopping with the same stolidity and rustic boorishness that had marked his conduct.

Some of the officers came up to him and questioned him as to his master's hiding-place in the woods. But as to this he gave them no satisfaction.

"My master," he said, "has no hiding-place that I know of. I always find him here when I have occasion to seek for him, and that is all I care about. But I am sure that if he thought you were

Koviloor Acadamy

seeking him he would immediately show himself to you, for that is ever his custom."

This was one of the answers with a double meaning that were so much in the fashion of the time and so characteristic of the people. On leaving, the commander of the troop said:

"Ye are a stupid kindly nowt, man. See that ye get no harm in such a rebel service."

Sometimes, however, searching waxed so hot and close that Gordon had to withdraw himself altogether out of Galloway and seek quieter parts of the country. On one occasion he was speeding up the Water of Æ when he found himself so weary that he was compelled to lie down under a bush of heather and rest before proceeding on his journey.

It so chanced that a noted King's man, Dalyell of Glenæ, was riding homewards over the moor. His horse started back in astonishment, having nearly stumbled over the body of a sleeping man.

It was Alexander Gordon. Hearing the horse's feet he leaped up, and Dalyell called upon him to surrender. But that was no word to say to a Gordon of Earlstoun.

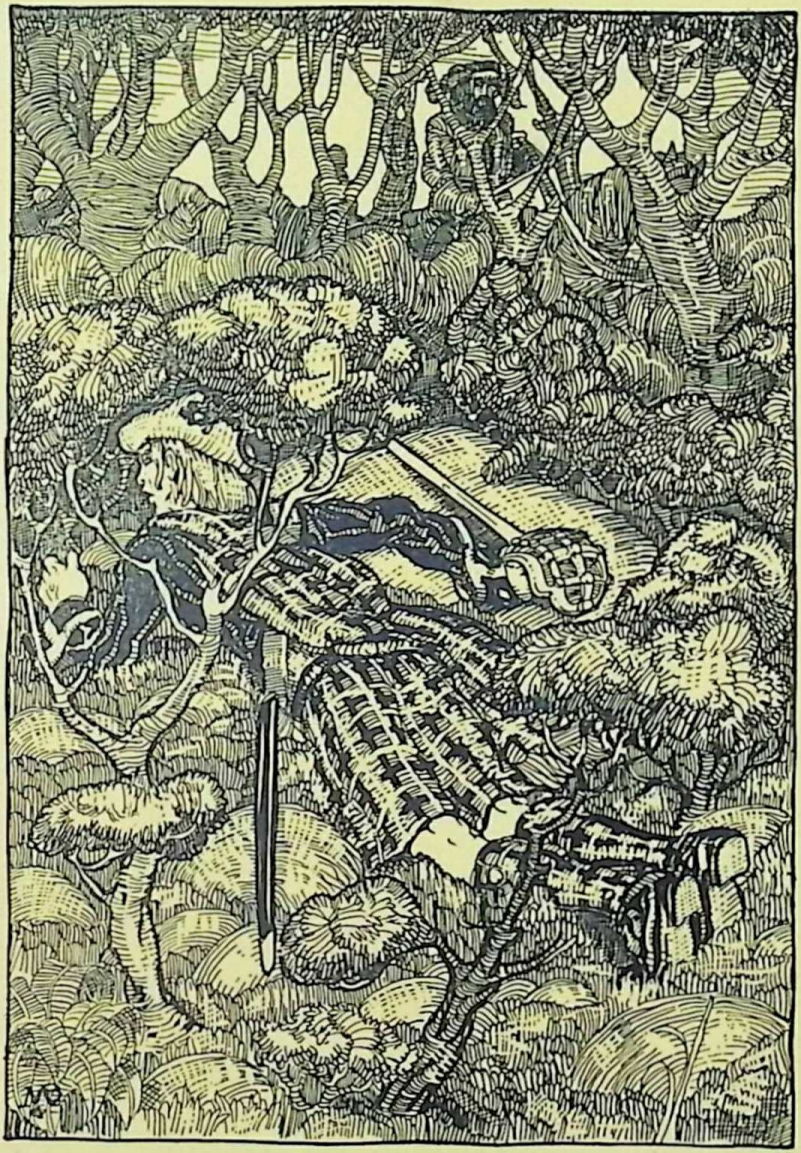
Koviloor Acadamy

Gordon instantly drew his sword, and, though unmounted, his lightness of foot on the heather and moss more than counterbalanced the advantages of the horseman. The King's man found himself matched at all points, for the Laird of Earlstoun was in his day a famous sworder. Soon the Covenanter's sword seemed to wrap itself about his blade and sent it twirling high in the air. In a little Dalyell found himself lying on the heather at the mercy of the man whom he had attacked.

He asked for his life, and Alexander Gordon granted it to him, making him promise by his honor as a gentleman that whenever he had the fortune to approach a conventicle he would retire, if he saw a white flag elevated in a particular manner upon a flagstaff. This seemed but a little condition to weigh against a man's life, and Dalyell agreed.

Now the Cavalier was an exceedingly honorable man and valued his spoken word. So on the occasion of a great conventicle at Mitchelslacks, in the parish of Closeburn, he permitted a great field meeting to disperse, drawing off his party in another direction. The signal streaming from a

Koviloor Acadamy



HE WAS SO WEARY HE WAS COMPELLED TO LIE DOWN
UNDER A BUSH

Koviloor Acadamy

staff told him that the man who had spared his life was amongst the company of worshippers.

After this, the white signal was frequently used in the neighborhood over which Dalyell's jurisdiction extended. And to the great credit of the Cavalier it is recorded that on no single occasion did he violate his plighted word. Though he is said to have remarked bitterly that the Whig with whom he fought must have been the devil, "for ever going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it."

But Alexander Gordon was too great a man in the affairs of the Praying Societies to escape altogether. He continually went and came from Holland, and some of the letters that he wrote from that country are still in existence.

At last, in 1683, having received many letters and valuable papers for delivery to people in refuge in Holland, he went secretly to Newcastle, and agreed with the master of a ship for his voyage to the Low Countries. But just as the vessel was setting out from the mouth of the Tyne, it was accidentally stopped.

Some watchers for fugitives came on board, and

Koviloor Acadamy

Earlstoun and his companion were challenged. Earlstoun, fearing the taking of his papers, threw the box that contained them overboard. But it floated, and was taken along with himself.

Then began a long series of misfortunes for Alexander Gordon. He was five times tried, twice threatened with torture, which he escaped, in the judgment hall itself, by such an exhibition of his great strength as terrified his judges. He simulated madness, foamed at the mouth, and finally tore up the benches in order to attack the judges with the fragments.

He was sent first to the castle of Edinburgh and afterwards to the Bass, "for a change of air" as the record quaintly says. Finally, he was despatched to Blackness Castle, where he remained close in hold till the Revolution.

Not till June 5, 1689, were his prison doors thrown open. But even then Alexander Gordon would not go till he had obtained signed documents from the governor and officials of the prison to the effect that he had never altered any of his opinions in order to gain privilege or release.

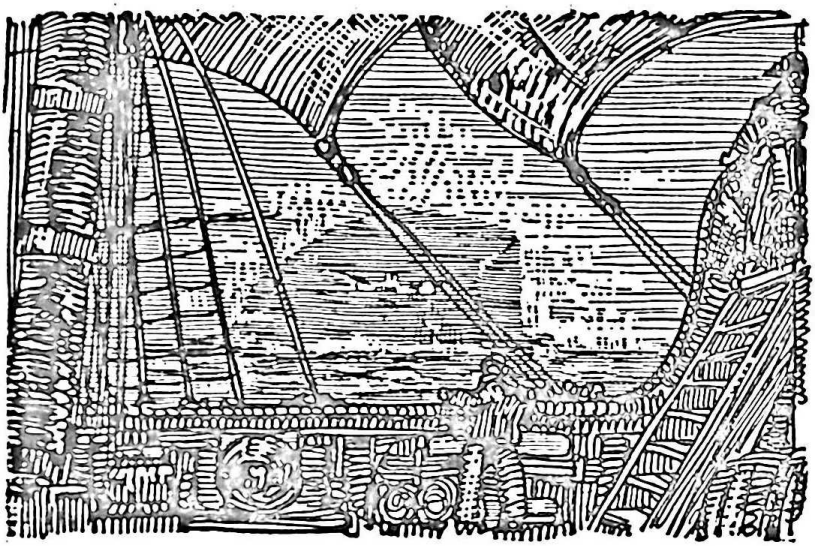
Then Gordon returned to Earlstoun. He lived

Koviloor Acadamy

there quietly far into the next century, taking his share in local and county business with Grierson of Lag and others who had hunted him for years, which is a strange thing to think on, but one also very characteristic of those times.

On account of his great strength and the power of his voice he was called the "Bull of Earlstoun." It is said that when he was rebuking his servants, the bellowing of the Bull could plainly be heard in the clachan of Dalry, which is two miles away across hill and stream.

Koviloor Acadamy



HOW THE BASS WAS HELD FOR KING JAMES

THE Bass Rock is a steep black mass of stone standing about two miles out to sea, off North Berwick, in Haddingtonshire. The sheer cliffs, straight as a wall, are some four hundred feet in height. At the top there is a sloping grassy shelf, on which a few sheep are kept, but the chief inhabitants of the rock are innumerable hosts of sea-birds. Far up the rock,

Koviloor Acadamy

two hundred years ago, was a fortress, with twenty cannons and a small garrison. As a boat can only touch at the little island in very fine weather, the fortress was considered by the Government of Charles II an excellent prison for Covenanters. There was a house for the governor, and a chapel where powder was kept, but where no clergyman officiated.

As the covenanting prisoners were nearly all ministers, and a few of them prophets, it was thought, no doubt, that they could attend to their own devotions for themselves. They passed a good deal of their time in singing psalms.

One prisoner looked into the cell of another late at night, and saw a shining white figure with him, which was taken for an angel by the spectator. Another prisoner, a celebrated preacher, named Peden, once told a merry girl that a "sudden surprising judgment was waiting for her," and instantly a gust of wind blew her off the rock into the sea. The Covenanters, one of whom had shot at the Archbishop of St. Andrews, and hit the Bishop of Orkney, were very harshly treated: "They were obliged to drink the twopenny ale of

Koviloor Acadamy

the governor's brewing, scarcely worth a half-penny the pint," an inconvenience which they probably shared with the garrison. They were sometimes actually compelled to make their own beds, a cruel hardship, when their servants had been dismissed, probably for plotting their escape. They had few pleasures except writing accounts of their sufferings, and books on religion, or studying Greek and Hebrew.

When King James II was driven from his throne, in 1688, by the Prince of Orange, these sufferers found release, they being on the Orange side. But the Castle of the Bass did not yield to William till 1690. It was held for King James by Charles Maitland till his ammunition and stores were exhausted. The Whigs, who were now in power, used the Bass for a prison, as their enemies had done. And four Cavalier prisoners were shut up in the cold, smoky, unwholesome jail, just as the Covenanters had been before. These men, Middleton, Halyburton, Roy, and Dunbar, all of them young, had been in arms for King James. They were taken when his Majesty's forces were surprised and defeated by Liv-

Koviloor Acadamy

ingstone at Cromdale Haugh. Middleton was a lieutenant; his friends were junior in rank, and were only ensigns.

These four lads did not devote their leisure to the composition of religious treatises, nor to the learning of Latin and Greek. On the other hand they reckoned it more worthy of their profession to turn the Whig garrison out of the Bass, and to hold it for King James.

For three years they held it against all comers, and the Royal flag, driven out of England and Scotland, still floated over this little rock in the North Sea.

This is how the Four took the Bass. They had observed that when coals were landed all the garrison except three or four soldiers went down to the rocky platform where there was a crane for raising goods. When they went, they locked three of the four gates on the narrow rocky staircase behind them.

On June 15, 1691, the soldiers went on this duty, leaving, to guard the Cavaliers, La Fosse, the sergeant, Swan, the gunner, and one soldier. These men were overpowered, or won over, by Middle-

Koviloor Acadamy

ton, Roy, Dunbar, and Halyburton, who then trained a gun on the garrison below, and asked them whether they would retire peacefully, or fight? They preferred to sail away in the coal vessel. Very foolish they must have felt, when they carried to the Whigs in Edinburgh the news that four men had turned them out of an impregnable castle, and held it for King James.

Next night young Crawford of Ardmillan, with his servant and two Irish sailors, seized a long-boat on the beach, sailed over, and joined the brave little garrison of the Bass. Crawford had been lurking in disguise for some time, the two Irishmen had escaped from prison in Edinburgh, and were not particularly well disposed to the government of William.

When the news reached King James, in France, he sent a ship, laden with provisions and stores of all kinds, and two boats, one of them carrying two light guns. The Whigs established a force on the shore opposite, and their boats cruised about to intercept supplies. But in this they failed, the Cavaliers being too quick and artful to be caught easily.

Koviloor Acadamy

On August 15, however, the enemy seized the large boat at night. Now Ardmillan and Middleton were absent in search of supplies, and, being without their leader, Roy and Dunbar thought of surrendering.

But just as they were about signing articles of surrender, Middleton returned with a large boat and plenty of provisions. He ran his boat under the guns of his fort, whence he laughed at the enemies of his King. Dunbar, however, who was on shore engaged in the business of the surrender, was held as a prisoner.

The Whigs were not much nearer taking the Bass. On September 3 they sent a sergeant and a drummer to offer a free pardon to the Cavaliers. They were allowed to land on the rock, but Middleton merely laughed at the promise of a free pardon. He kept the sergeant and drummer, but afterwards released them.

A Danish ship, sailing between the Bass and shore, had a gun fired across her bows, and was made prize of. They took out everything that they needed, and then let her go.

The Cavaliers lived a gay life. They had sheep

Koviloor Acadamy

on the Bass, plenty of water, meat, biscuits, beer and wine. Cruising in their boats they captured several ships, supplied themselves with what they wanted, and held the ships themselves to ransom. When food ran short they made raids on the shore, lifted cattle, and, generally, made war support war.

The government of the Prince of Orange driven beyond its patience, vowed that the Bass should be taken, if it cost all the revenue of the country. But Middleton had plenty of powder, he had carefully collected more than five hundred balls fired at his fort by the English, and he calmly awaited the arrival of hostile men-of-war.

The *Sheerness* (Captain Roope) and the *London Merchant* (Captain Orton) were sent with orders to bombard the Bass and destroy the fort. After two days of heavy firing, these vessels had lost a number of men, their rigging was cut to pieces, and the ships were so damaged that they were glad to slink off to harbor.

A close watch was now set, the *Lion* (Captain Burd), a dogger of six guns, and a long-boat cruised constantly in the neighborhood. Captain

Koviloor Acadamy

Burd is described as "a facetious and intelligent man," and a brave officer, but his intelligence and courage were no match for Middleton.

In August 1693 a French frigate of twelve guns sailed under the Bass and landed supplies. But the Cavaliers were so few that they had to borrow ten French sailors to help in the landing of the provisions. At this moment the *Lion* bore down on the French vessel, which was obliged to cut her cables to avoid being run down. The garrison of the Bass was thus left with ten more mouths to feed, and with only the small supplies that had been landed. They were soon reduced to two ounces of raw rusk dough for each man, every day. Halyburton was caught and condemned to be hanged, and a Mr. Trotter, who had helped the Cavaliers, was actually hanged on shore, within sight of the Bass. Middleton fired a shot and scattered the crowd, but that did not save poor Trotter.

Middleton had now only a few pounds of meal left. He therefore sent in a flag of truce, and announced that he would surrender, but upon his own terms. Very good terms they were.

Koviloor Acadamy

Envoys were despatched by the Whigs. Middleton gave them an excellent luncheon out of provisions kept for the purpose, and choice French wines. He had also set coats and caps on the muzzles of guns, above, on the rocks, so that the Whig envoys believed he had plenty of men, and no scarcity of provisions.

Their lordships returned, and told the Privy Council that the Bass was in every respect well provisioned and well manned. Middleton's terms were, therefore, gladly accepted.

He got a full pardon for every one then in the garrison, and for every one who had ever been in it, including Halyburton, now under sentence of death, "and none hereafter shall call them to account." They were to depart with all the honors of war, with swords and baggage, in their own boat.

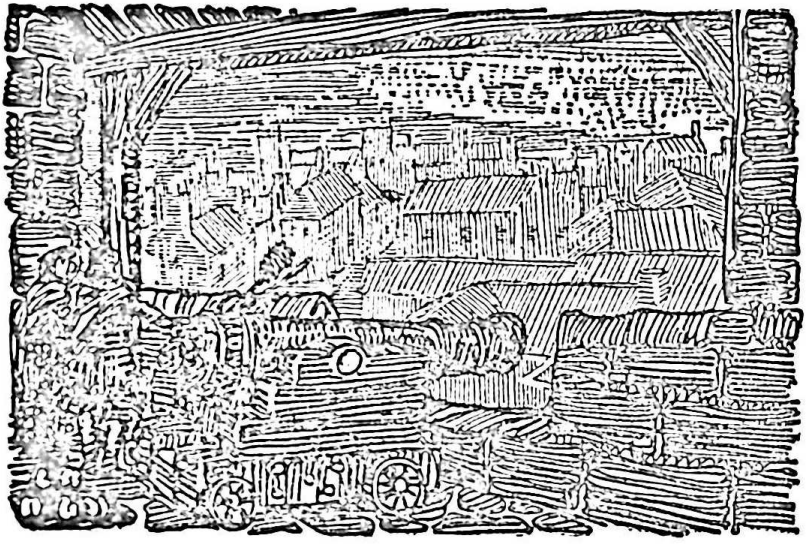
They were to be at liberty to come or go, whenever they pleased, till May 15, 1694. Then a ship, properly supplied, was to be ready to carry them to France, if they preferred to join Dundee's gallant officers in the French service. Finally, *all their expenses were to be paid!* The "aliment"

Koviloor Acadamy

formerly granted to them, and unpaid when they seized the Bass, was to be handed over to them.

On these terms Middleton took leave of the fortress which he could not have held for a week longer. There have been greater deeds of arms, but there never was one so boyish, so gallant, and so gay.

Koviloor Acadamy



PRINCE CHARLIE'S WAR

THE BOYHOOD OF PRINCE CHARLIE

IN 1734 the city of Gaeta, in the kingdom of Naples, was held by an Austrian force, and was beseiged by a mixed army of French, Walloons, Spaniards, and Italians, commanded by the Duke of Liria. Don Carlos, a Spanish prince, was doing his best, by their aid, to conquer the kingdom of Naples for himself.

Koviloor Acadamy

There is now no kingdom of Naples. There are no Austrian forces in Italy, and there is certainly, in all the armies of Europe, no such officer as was fighting under the Duke of Liria. This officer, in the uniform of a general of artillery, was a slim, fair-haired, blue-eyed boy of thirteen. He seemed to take a pleasure in the sound of the balls that rained about the trenches.

When the Duke of Liria's quarters had been destroyed by five cannon shots, this very young officer was seen to enter the house. The duke entreated, but scarcely commanded, him to leave. The boy might be heard shouting to the men of his very mixed force in all their various languages. He was the darling of the camp, the favorite of the men, for his courage and pleasant manners.

This boy with a taste for danger was Charles Edward Stuart, called by his friends, the Prince of Wales. He was, indeed, the eldest son of James VIII of Scotland and Third of England, known to his enemies as the *Pretender.* James, again, was the son of James II, and was a mere baby when, in 1688, his father fled from England before the Prince of Orange.

Koviloor Acadamy

The son of James II grew up in France. He charged the English armies in Flanders, and fought not without distinction. He invaded Scotland in 1715, where he failed, and now, for many years, he had lived in Rome, a pensioner of the Pope.

James was an unfortunate prince, but is so far to be praised that he would not change his creed to win a crown. He was a devout Catholic, his enemies said "a bigoted Papist." He was the child of bad luck from his cradle; he had borne many disappointments, and he was never the man to win back a kingdom by the sword. He had married a Polish princess, of the gallant House of Sobieski, and at Gaeta his eldest son, though only a boy, showed that he had the courage of the Sobieskis and the charm of the Stuarts. The spies of the English Government confessed that Prince Charles was more dangerous than King James.

While Charles, at Gaeta, was learning the art of war, and causing his cousin, the Duke of Liria, to pass some of the uneasiest moments of his life, at home in Rome his younger brother Henry, Duke of York, aged nine, was so indignant with his

Koviloor Acadamy

parents for not allowing him to go to the war with his brother, that he flung away his little sword in a temper. From their cradle these boys had thought and heard of little else but the past glories of their race. It was the dream of their lives to be restored to their own country.

In all he did, that thought was always uppermost with Charles. On the way from Gaeta to Naples, leaning over the ship's side, the young Prince lost his hat. Immediately a boat was lowered in the hope of saving it, but Charles stopped the sailors, saying with a smile, "I shall be obliged before long to go and fetch myself a hat in England."

Every thought, every study, every sport that occupied the next few years of Charles' life in Rome, had the same end, namely, preparing himself in every way for the task of regaining his kingdom. Long days of rowing on the lake of Albano, and boar-hunting at Cisterna, made him strong and active. He would often make marches in shoes without stockings, hardening his feet for the part he played afterwards on many a long tramp in the Highlands. Instead of enjoying the ordinary effeminate pleasures of the Roman nobility, he shot

Koviloor Acadamy

and hunted. In the Borghese Gardens he practiced that royal game of golf, which his ancestors had played long before on the links at St. Andrews and the North Inch of Perth.

His more serious studies were, perhaps, less ardently pursued. Though no prince ever used a sword more gallantly and to more purpose, it cannot be denied that he habitually spelled it "sord." And though no son ever wrote more dutiful and affectionate letters to a father, he seldom got nearer the correct spelling of his parent's name than "Gems."

In lonely parts of Rome the handsome lad and his melancholy father might often have been seen talking eagerly and confidentially, planning, and for ever planning, that long-talked-of descent upon their lost kingdom.

If his thoughts turned constantly to Britain, many hearts in that country were thinking of him with anxious prayers and hopes. In England, in out-of-the-way manor-houses and parsonages, old-fashioned, high-church squires and clergymen still secretly toasted the exiled family. But in the fifty years that had passed since the Revolution, men

Koviloor Acadamy

had got used to peace and the blessings of a settled government. Jacobitism in England was a sentiment, hereditary in certain Tory families. It was not a passion to stir the hearts of the people and engage them in civil strife. It was very different with the Scots. The Stuarts were, after all, their old race of kings. Once they were removed and unfortunate, their tyranny was forgotten, and the old national feeling centred round them. The pride of the people had suffered at the Union (1707). The old Scots nobility felt that they had lost in importance. The people resented the enforcement of new taxes.

The Presbyterians of the trading classes were Whigs. But the persecuted Episcopalians and Catholics, with the mob of Edinburgh, were for "the auld Stuarts back again." This feeling against the present Government and attachment to the exiled family were especially strong among the fierce and faithful people of the Highlands.

Among families of distinction, like the Camerons of Lochiel, the Oliphants of Gask, and many others, Jacobitism formed part of the religion of gallant, simple-minded gentlemen and of high-

Koviloor Acadamy

spirited, devoted women. In many a sheiling and farmhouse old broadswords and muskets, well-hidden from the keen eye of the Government soldiers, were carefully cherished against the brave day when "the king should have his own again."

In 1744 that day seemed to have dawned to which Charles had all his life been looking forward. France, at war with England, was preparing an invasion of that country, and was glad enough to use the claims of the Stuarts for her own purposes. A fleet was actually on the point of starting, and Charles, in the highest spirits, was already on shipboard. But the English admiral was alert. A storm worked havoc among the French ships, and it suited the French Government to give up the expedition. Desperate with disappointment, Charles proposed to his father's friend, the exiled Lord Marischall, to sail for Scotland by himself in a herring-boat. He was hurt and indignant when the old soldier refused to sanction such an audacious plan.

Charles had seen enough of hanging about foreign courts and depending on their wavering policy. He was determined to strike a blow for

Koviloor Acadamy

himself. In Paris he was surrounded by restless spirits like his own; Scotch and Irish officers in the French service, and heart-broken exiles like old Tullibardine, eager for any chance that would restore them to their own country. Even prudent men of business lent themselves to Charles' plans. His bankers in Paris advanced him 180,000 livres for the purchase of arms. And of two Scottish merchants at Nantes, Walsh and Routledge, one undertook to convey him to Scotland in a brig of eighteen guns, the *Doutelle,* while the other chartered a French man-of-war, the *Elizabeth,* to be the convoy, and to carry arms and ammunition. To provide these Charles had pawned his jewels, jewels which "on *this* side I could only wear with a very sad heart," he wrote to his father; for the same purpose he would gladly have pawned his shirt.

On June 22 he started from the mouth of the Loire in all haste and secrecy, only writing for his father's blessing and sanction when he knew it would be too late for any attempt to be made to stop him.

The companions of his voyage were the old

Koviloor Acadamy

Marquis of Tullibardine, who had been deprived of his dukedom of Athol in the '15; the Prince's tutor and cousin, Sir Thomas Sheridan, a rather injudicious Irishman; two other Irishmen in the French and Spanish services; Kelly, a young English divine; and Æneas Macdonald, a banker in Paris, and younger brother of the chieftain Macdonald of Kinloch Moidart, a prudent young man, who saw himself involved in the Prince's cause very much against his will and better judgment.

PRINCE CHARLIE'S LANDING

ENGLAND and France being at war at this time, the Channel was constantly swept by English men-of-war. The *Doutelle* and her convoy were hardly four days out before the *Elizabeth* was attacked by an English frigate, the *Lion*.

Knowing who it was he had on board, Walsh, the prudent master of the *Doutelle* would by no means consent to join in the fray, and sheered off to the north in spite of the commands and remonstrances of the Prince. The unfortunate *Elizabeth* was so much disabled that she had to return

Koviloor Acadamy

to Brest, taking with her most of the arms and ammunition for the expedition.

At night the *Doutelle* sailed without a light and kept well out to sea, and so escaped further molestation. The first land they sighted was the south end of the Long Island. Gazing with eager eyes on the Promised Land, old Lord Tullibardine was the first to notice a large Hebridean eagle which flew above the ship as they approached. "Sir," he said, "it is a good omen; the king of birds has come to welcome your Royal Highness to Scotland."

Charles had need of all happy auguries, for on his arrival in Scotland things did not seem very hopeful. With his usual rash confidence he had very much exaggerated the eagerness of his friends and supporters to welcome him in whatever guise he might come. Never had fallen kings more faithful and unselfish friends than had the exiled Stuarts in the Highland chiefs and Jacobite lairds of Scotland, but even they were hardly prepared to risk life and property with a certainty of failure and defeat. Let the Prince appear with five thousand French soldiers and French money and arms,

Koviloor Acadamy

and they would gather round him with alacrity. But they were prudent men and knew too well the strength of the existing Government to think that they could overturn it unaided.

The first man to tell the Prince this unwelcome truth was Macdonald of Boisdale, to whom he sent a message as soon as he landed in Uist. This Boisdale was brother of the old Clanranald, chief of the loyal clan Macdonald of Clanranald. If these, his stoutest friends, hesitated to join his expedition Charles should have felt that his cause was desperate indeed. But his mind was made up with all the daring of his five-and-twenty years, and all the ill-fated obstinacy of his race. For hours he argued with the old Highlander as the ship glided over the waters of the Minch. He enumerated the friends he could count on, among them the two most powerful chiefs of the North, Macdonald of Sleat, and the Macleod. "They have both declared for the existing Government," was the sad reply. Before taking leave of the Prince, Boisdale again urged his returning "home." "I am come home," replied Charles pas-

Koviloor Acadamy

sionately, "and can entertain no notion of returning. I am persuaded that my faithful Highlanders will stand by me."

On July 19 the *Doutelle* cast anchor in Loch na-Nuagh, in the country of the loyal Macdonalds. The first thing Charles did was to send a letter to the young Clanranald to beg his immediate presence.

The next day four of the chief men of the clan waited on Charles, Clanranald, Kinloch Moidart, Glenaladale, and another who has left us a lively picture of the meeting. For three hours, in a private interview, Clanranald tried in vain to dissuade the Prince. Then Charles, still preserving his incognito, appeared among the assembled gentlemen on deck.

"At his first appearance I found my heart swell to my very throat," writes the honest gentleman who narrates the story. His emotion was fully shared by a younger brother of Kinloch Moidart's who stood on deck silent from youth and modesty, but with his whole heart looking out of his eyes.

His brother and the other chiefs walked up and

Koviloor Acadamy

down the deck arguing and remonstrating with Charles, proving the hopelessness of the undertaking. As he listened to their talk the boy's color came and went, his hand involuntarily tightened on his sword. Charles caught sight of the eager, young face, and, turning suddenly towards him cried, "Will you not assist me?"

"I will, I will; though not another man in the Highlands should draw a sword, I will die for you."

Indeed, years after all had failed, young Clanranald prepared a new rising, and had nine thousand stand of arms concealed in the caves of Moidart.

The boy's words were like flint to tinder. Before they left the ship the hesitating chieftains had pledged themselves to risk property, influence, freedom, and life itself in the Prince's cause.

These gallant Macdonalds were now willing to run all risks in receiving the Prince even before a single other clan had declared for him. Old Macdonald of Boisdale entertained Charles as an honored guest in his bare but hospitable Highland house. All the people of the district crowded to

Koviloor Acadamy

see him as he sat at dinner. The young Prince delighted all present by his geniality and the interest he showed in everything Highland. And when he insisted on learning enough Gaelic to propose the King's health in their native language, the hearts of the simple and affectionate people were completely gained.

Meanwhile young Clanranald had gone to Skye to try and persuade Macleod and Sir Alexander Macdonald to join the Prince. It was all in vain. These two powerful chiefs were too deeply committed to the Government.

Next to these two, the most influential man in the Highlands was Cameron of Lochiel. Indeed, such was the respect felt by all his neighbors for his gentle and chivalrous character, that there was no one whose example would carry such weight.

It was all-important to gain him to the cause. No one saw more clearly than Lochiel the hopelessness of the undertaking, no one was more unwilling to lead his clansmen to what he knew was certain destruction. He would see the Prince, he said, and warn him of the danger and entreat him to return.

Koviloor Acadamy

"Write to him," urged Lochiel's brother, "but do not see him. I know you better than you know yourself. If this Prince once sets eyes on you he will make you do whatever he pleases."

It was but too true a prophecy. When all argument had failed to move Lochiel's prudent resolution, Charles exclaimed passionately:

"In a few days, with a few friends, I will raise the Royal Standard and proclaim to the people of Britain that Charles Stuart is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors, to win it or perish in the attempt. Lochiel, who, my father has often told me, was our firmest friend, may stay at home and learn from the newspapers the fate of his Prince."

It was more than the proud, warm heart of the chief could stand.

"No," he cried with emotion. "I will share the fate of my Prince, and so shall every man over whom nature and fortune has given me any power."

Even before the Royal Standard was raised an unexpected success crowned the rebel arms. The Government had troops stationed both at Fort Augustus and Fort William. The latter being in

Koviloor Acadamy

the heart of the disaffected district, the commanding officer at Fort Augustus despatched two companies of newly-raised men to its assistance.

This body, under a Captain Scott, was approaching the narrow bridge which crossed the Spean some seven miles from Fort William. All at once a body of Highlanders appeared, occupying the bridge and barring further passage.

Had the troops plucked up courage enough to advance they would have found only some dozen Macdonalds. But the wild sound of the pipes, the yells of the Highlanders, and their constant movement which gave the effect of a large body, struck terror into the hearts of the recruits. They wavered and fell back, and their officer, though himself a brave man, had to order a retreat.

But the sound of firing had attracted other bodies of Macdonalds and Camerons in the neighborhood. All at once the steep, rough hillside seemed alive with armed Highlanders. From rock and bush they sprung up, startling the echoes by their wild shouts.

In vain the disordered troops hurried along the road and rushed across the isthmus to the further

Koviloor Acadamy

side of the lakes. There a new party of Macdonalds, led by Keppoch, met them in front, and the whole body surrendered with hardly a blow struck.

They were carried prisoners to Lochiel's house, Achnacarry. In default of medical aid, the wounded captain was sent to Fort William, in that spirit of generous courtesy which characterized all Charles' behavior to his defeated enemies.

On August 19 the Royal Standard was raised at Glenfinnan, a deep rocky valley between Loch Eil and Loch Shiel, where the Prince's monument now stands. Charles, with a small body of Macdonalds, was the first to arrive, early in the morning. He and his men rowed up the long narrow Loch Shiel. The valley was solitary, not a far-off bagpipe broke the silence, not a figure appeared against the skyline of the hills.

With sickening anxiety the small party waited, while the minutes dragged out their weary length. At last, when suspense was strained to the utmost, about two in the afternoon, a sound of pipes was heard, and a body of Camerons under Lochiel ap-

Koviloor Acadamy

peared over the hill, bringing with them the prisoners made at the Bridge of Spean. Others followed; Stewarts of Appin, Macdonalds of Glencoe and Keppoch, till at least fifteen hundred were present.

Then the honored veteran of the party, old Tullibardine, advanced in solemn silence and unfurled the Royal Banner, with the motto *Tandem Triumphans.* As its folds of white, blue, and red silk blew out on the hill breeze, huzzas rent the air, and the sky was darkened by the bonnets that were flung up. An English officer, a prisoner taken at Spean, stood by, an unwilling spectator of the scene.

"Go, sir," cried the Prince in exultation, "go to your general; tell him what you have seen, and say that I am coming to give him battle."

THE MARCH SOUTH

FOR a full month Prince Charles had been in Scotland. During that time a body of men, amounting to a small army, had collected round him.

Koviloor Acadamy

His manifestoes had been scattered all over the country, some were even printed in Edinburgh, and yet the Government had taken no steps to oppose him. News travelled slowly from the Highlands. It was August 9 before any certain account of the Prince's landing was received in Edinburgh.

One bad fruit of the Union was that Scotch questions had to be settled in London, and London was three days further away. Moreover, at that greater distance, men had more difficulty in realizing the gravity of the situation.

Conflicting rumors distracted the authorities in Edinburgh. Now it was declared that the Prince had landed with ten thousand French soldiers, at another time men ridiculed the idea of his getting a single man to rise for him. Those who knew the country best took the matter most seriously. The question of defence was not an easy one.

At that time almost all the available British troops were in Flanders, fighting the French. The soldiers that were left in Scotland were either old veterans, fit only for garrison duty, newly raised companies whose mettle was untried, or local mi-

Koviloor Acadamy

litias which were not to be trusted in all cases. If the great lords who had raised and who commanded them chose to declare for the Stuarts, they would carry their men with them.

The Commander-in-Chief, Sir John Cope, was not the man to meet so sudden and so peculiar a crisis. He had nothing of a real general's love of responsibility and power of decision. To escape blame and to conduct a campaign according to the laws of war was all the old campaigner cared for.

When it was decided that he was to march with all the available forces in Scotland into the Highlands he willingly obeyed, little guessing what a campaign in the Highlands meant. Almost at once it was found that it would be impossible to provide food for horses as well as men.

So the dragoons under Colonel Gardiner were left at Stirling. We shall hear of them again. But his fifteen hundred infantry were weighted heavily enough. A small herd of black cattle followed the army to provide them with food, and more than a hundred horses carried bread and biscuit.

Koviloor Acadamy

Confident that the loyal clans would come in hundreds to join his standard, Cope carried seven hundred stand of arms. By the time he reached Crieff, however, not a single volunteer had come in, and the stand of arms was sent back.

Cope followed one of the great military roads which led straight to Fort Augustus, it had been made thirty years before by General Wade. Now across that road, some ten miles short of the fort, lies a high precipitous hill, called Corryarack. Up this mountain wall the road is carried in seventeen sharp zigzags. So steep is it that the country people call it the "Devil's Staircase."

Any army holding the top of the pass would have an ascending enemy at its mercy, let alone an army of Highlanders, accustomed to skulk behind rock and shrub, and skilled to rush down the most rugged hillsides with the swiftness and surefootedness of deer.

While still some miles distant, Cope learned that the Highlanders were already in possession of Corryarack. The rumor was premature, but it thoroughly alarmed the English general. He

Koviloor Acadamy

dared not attempt the ascent; to return south was against his orders.

A council of war, hastily summoned, gave him the advice he wished for, and on the 28th the army had turned aside and was in full retreat on Inverness.

Meanwhile, the Prince's army was pressing forward to meet Cope. The swiftest-footed soldiers that ever took the field, the Highlanders were also the least heavily-weighted. A bag of oatmeal on his back supplied each man's need, Charles himself burned his baggage and marched at the head of his men as light of foot and as stout of heart as the best of them.

On the morning of the 27th they were to ascend Corryarack. The Prince was in the highest spirits. As he laced his Highland brogues he cried: "Before I take these off I shall have fought with Mr. Cope!"

Breathless the Highland army reached the top of the hill. They had gained that point of vantage. Eagerly they looked down the zigzags on the further side. To their amazement not a man

Koviloor Acadamy

was to be seen, their road lay open before them! When they learned from deserters the course Cope's army had taken, they were as much disappointed as triumphant.

A body of Highlanders was despatched to try and take the barracks at Ruthven, where twelve soldiers, under a certain Sergeant Molloy, held the fort for the Government. This man showed a spirit very different from that of his superior officer's. This is his own straightforward account of the attack and repulse:

"Noble General: They summoned me to surrender, but I told him I was too old a soldier to part with so strong a place without bloody noses. They offered me honorable terms of marching out, bag and baggage, which I refused. They threatened to hang me and my party. I said I would take my chance. They set fire to the sally-port which I extinguished; and failing therein, went off asking leave to take their dead man, which I granted."

Honor to Molloy, whatever the color of his cockade!

Though unsuccessful at Ruthven, some members

Koviloor Acadamy

of this party, before rejoining the Prince's army at Dalwhinnie, made an important capture. Macpherson of Cluny was one of the most distinguished chiefs in the Highlands, ruling his clan with a firm hand, and repressing all thieving amongst them. As captain of an independent company, he held King George's commission. His honor kept him faithful to the Government, but his whole heart was on the other side. He was taken prisoner in his own house by a party "hardly big enough to take a cow," and once a prisoner in the Highland army, it was no difficult task to persuade him to take service with the Prince.

The army now descended into the district of Athol. With curious emotion old Tullibardine approached his own house of Blair from which he had been banished thirty years before.

The brother who held his titles and properties fled before the Highland army, and the noble old exile had the joy of entertaining his Prince in his own halls. The Perthshire lairds were almost all Jacobites. Here at Blair, and later at Perth, gentlemen and their following flocked to join the Prince.

Koviloor Acadamy

One of the most important of these was Tullibardine's brother, Lord George Murray, an old soldier who had been "out in the '15." He had real genius for generalship, and moreover understood the Highlanders and their peculiar mode of warfare.

He was no courtier, and unfortunately his blunt, hot-tempered, plain speaking sometimes ruffled the Prince, too much accustomed to the complacency of his Irish followers. But all that was to come later. On the march south there were no signs of divided counsels. The command of the army was gladly confided to Lord George.

Another important adherent who joined at this time was the Duke of Perth, a far less able man than Lord George, but endeared to all his friends by his gentleness and courage and modesty. Brought up in France by a Catholic mother, he was an ardent Jacobite, and the first man to be suspected by the authorities.

As soon as the news spread that the Prince had landed in the West, the Government sent an officer to arrest the young duke. There was a peculiar treachery in the way this was attempted. The

Koviloor Acadamy

officer, a Mr. Campbell of Inverawe, invited himself to dinner at Drummond Castle, and, after being hospitably entertained, produced his warrant.

The Duke retained his presence of mind, appeared to acquiesce, and, with habitual courtesy, bowed his guest first out of the room. Then suddenly shut the door, turned the key and made his escape through an ante-room, a backstairs, and a window, out into the grounds.

Creeping from tree to tree he made his way to a paddock where he found a horse, without a saddle but with a halter. He mounted, and the animal galloped off. In this fashion he reached the house of a friend, where he lay hid till the time he joined the Prince.

No Jacobite family had a nobler record of services rendered to the Stuarts than the Oliphants of Gask. The laird had been "out in the '15," and had suffered accordingly, but he did not hesitate a moment to run the same risks in the '45.

He brought with him to Blair his high-spirited boy, young Lawrence, who records his loyal enthusiasm in a journal full of fine feeling and bad

Koviloor Acadamy

spelling! Indeed, one may say that bad spelling was, like the "white rose," a badge of the Jacobite party. Mistress Margaret Oliphant, who with her mother and sisters donned the white cockade and waited on their beloved Prince at the house of her aunt Lady Nairne, also kept a journal wherein she regrets in ill-spelt, fervent words that being "only a woman" she cannot carry the Prince's banner. This amiable and honorable family were much loved among their own people. "Oliphant is king to us" was a by-word among retainers who had lived on their land for generations.

But at this crisis the shrewd, prosperous Perthshire farmers refused to follow their landlord on such a desperate expedition. Deeply mortified and indignant, the generous, hot-tempered old laird forbade his tenants to gather in the harvest which that year was early and abundant.

As Charles rode through the Gask fields he noticed the corn hanging over-ripe and asked the cause. As soon as he was told, he jumped from his horse, cut a few blades with his sword and, in his gracious princely way, exclaimed "There, I

Koviloor Acadamy

have broken the inhibition! Now every man may gather in his own."

It was acts like this that gained the hearts of gentle and simple alike, and explain that passionate affection for Charles that remained with many to the end of their days as part of their religion. The strength of this feeling still touches our hearts in many a Jacobite song. "I pu'ed my bonnet ower my eyne, For weel I loued Prince Charlie," and the yearning refrain, "Better loued ye canna be, Wull ye no come back again?"

On the 3d Charles entered Perth, at the head of a body of troops, in a handsome suit of tartan, but with his last guinea in his pocket! However, requisitions levied on Perth and the neighboring towns did much to supply his exchequer, and it was with an army increased in numbers and importance, as well as far better organized, thanks to Lord George Murray, that Charles a week later continued his route to Edinburgh.

Having no artillery, the Highland army avoided Stirling, crossed the Forth at the Fords of Frew entirely unopposed, and marched to Linlithgow, where they expected to fight with Gardiner's dra-

Koviloor Acadamy

goons. That body however did not await their arrival, but withdrew to Corstorphine, a village two miles from Edinburgh.

The next halt of the Prince's army was at Kirkliston. In the neighborhood lay the house of New Liston, the seat of Lord Stair, whose father was so deeply and disgracefully implicated in the massacre of Glencoe.

It was remembered that a grandson of the murdered Macdonald was in the army with the men of his clan. Fearing that they would seize this opportunity of avenging their cruel wrong, the General proposed placing a guard round the house. Macdonald hearing this proposal, went at once to the Prince.

"It is right," he said, "that a guard should be placed round the house of New Liston, but that guard must be furnished by the Macdonalds of Glencoe. If they are not thought worthy of this trust they are not fit to bear arms in your Royal Highness' cause, and I must withdraw them from your standard."

The passion for revenge may be strong in the heart of the Highlander, but the love of honor and

Koviloor Acadamy

the sense of loyalty are stronger still. The Macdonalds, as we shall see, carried their habit of taking their own way to a fatal extent.

EDINBURGH

MEANWHILE nothing could exceed the panic that had taken possession of the town of Edinburgh. The question of the hour was, could the city be defended at all, and if so, could it, in case of siege, hold out till Cope might be expected with his troops? That dilatory general, finding nothing to do in the North, was returning to Edinburgh by sea, and might be looked for any day.

There could be no question of the strength of the Castle. It was armed and garrisoned, and no army without large guns need attempt to attack it. But with the town it was different.

The old town of Edinburgh, as everybody knows, is built along the narrow ridge of a hill running from the hollow of Holyrood, in constant ascent, up to the Castle rock. On each side narrow wynds and lanes descend down steep slopes,

Koviloor Acadamy

on the south side to the Grassmarket and the Cowgate, on the north, at the time of which we write, to a lake called the Norloch, a strong position, had the city been properly fortified.

More than two hundred years before, in the desolate and anxious days that followed Flodden, the magistrates of this city, hourly expecting to be invaded, had hastily built a high wall round the whole city as it then was. For the time the defence was sufficient.

But the wall had been built without reference to artillery, it had neither towers nor embrasures for mounting cannons. It was simply a very high, solid, park wall, as may be seen to this day by the curious who care to visit the last remnants of it, in an out-of-the-way corner near the Grassmarket.

If the material defences were weak, the human defenders were weaker still. The regular soldiers were needed for the Castle. Hamilton's dragoons, stationed at Leith, were of no use in the defence of a city, the town guard was merely a body of rather inefficient policemen, the trained bands mere ornamental volunteers who shut their

Koviloor Acadamy

eyes if they had to let off a firearm in honor of the king's birthday.

As soon as it seemed certain that the Highland army was approaching Edinburgh, preparations, frantic but spasmodic, were made to put the city in a state of defence.

The patriotic and spirited Maclaurin, professor of mathematics, alone and unaided, tried to mount cannons on the wall, but not with much success. The city determined to raise a regiment of volunteers. Funds were not lacking, it was more difficult to find the men.

Even when companies were formed, their ardor was not very great. Rumor and ignorance had exaggerated the numbers and fierceness of the Highland army. Quiet citizens, drawn from desk or shop, might well shrink from encountering them in the field.

Parties were divided in the town—the Prince had many secret friends among the citizens. In back parlors of taverns "douce writers," and advocates of Jacobite sympathies, discussed the situation with secret triumph. In many a panelled parlor high up in those wonderful old closes, spirited

Koviloor Acadamy

old Jacobite ladies recalled the adventures of the '15, and bright-eyed young ones busied themselves making knots of white satin.

"One-third of the men are Jacobite," writes a Whig citizen, "and two-thirds of the ladies."

On Saturday, 14th, the news reached Edinburgh that the Prince had arrived at Linlithgow, and that Gardiner had retired on Corstorphine, a village two miles from Edinburgh. Consternation was general. Advice was sought from the law officers of the Crown, and it was found that they had all retired to Dunbar.

The Provost was not above suspicion. His surname was Stuart. No Scot could believe that he really meant to oppose the chief of his name.

On Sunday, as the townsfolk were at church about eleven o'clock, the fire bell rang out its note of alarm, scattering the congregation into the streets. It was the signal for the mustering of the volunteers. The officer in command at the Castle was sending the dragoons from Leith to reinforce Gardiner at Corstorphine, and the volunteers were ordered to accompany them.

They were standing in rank in the High Street,

Koviloor Acadamy

when the dragoons rattled up the Canongate at a hard trot. As they passed they saluted their brothers in arms with drawn swords and loud huzzas, then swept down the West Bow and out at the West Port. For a moment military ardor seized the volunteers, but the lamentations and tears of their wives and children soon softened their mood again. A group of Jacobite ladies in a balcony mocked and derided the civic warriors, but had finally to close their windows to prevent stones being hurled at them.

One of the volunteer companies was composed of University students. Among them was, doubtless, more than one stout young heart, eager for fame and fighting, but most were more at home with their books than their broadswords.

"Oh, Mr. Hew, Mr. Hew," whispered one youth to his comrade. "Does not this remind you of the passage in Livy where the Gens of the Fabii marched out of the city, and the matrons and maids of Rome were weeping and wringing their hands?"

"Hold your tongue," said Mr. Hew, affecting a braver spirit. "You'll discourage the men."

"Recollect the end, Mr. Hew," persisted his

Koviloor Acadamy

trembling comrade. *"They all perished to a man!"*

This was not destined to be the fate of the Edinburgh volunteers. On the march down the West Bow, one by one they stole off, up the narrow wynds and doorways, till by the time they reached the West Port, only the student corps remained, and even its ranks were sadly thinned. The remnant were easily persuaded that their lives were too precious to their country to be rashly thrown away, and quietly marched back to the college yards.

There was no alarm that night. At one o'clock the Provost, accompanied by a few of the city guard, carrying a lantern before him, visited the outposts and found all at their places. In the narrow streets of Edinburgh the people were accustomed to transact all their business out of doors.

Next morning, Monday, 16th, the streets were already crowded at an early hour with an anxious, vociferous crowd. At 10 o'clock a man arrived with a message from the Prince, which he incautiously proclaimed in the street. If the town would surrender it should be favorably treated. If it resisted it must expect to be dealt with ac-

Koviloor Acadamy

cording to the usages of war. Greatly alarmed, the people clamored for a meeting, but the Provost refused. He trusted to the dragoons to defend the city.

A little after noon, the citizens looking across from the Castle and the northern windows of their houses, saw the dragoons in retreat from Coltbridge. As they watched the moving figures, the pace quickened and became a regular flight. By the time the dragoons were opposite the city on the other side of the Norloch, they were running like hares.

They made at first for their barracks at Leith, but the distance still seemed too short between them and the terrifying Highlanders. They never drew rein till they had reached Prestonpans, nor did they rest there longer than an hour or two, but galloped on, and were at Dunbar before nightfall. And yet they had not exchanged a blow with their foes! At the first sight of a reconnoitring party of horsemen, panic had seized them and they had fled. This was the celebrated "Canter of Coltbridge."

The effect on the city was disturbing in the ex-

Koviloor Acadamy

treme. A tumultuous meeting was held in the council chamber, the volunteers were drawn up in the streets. As they stood uncertain what to do, a man on horseback, it was never known who he was, galloped up the Bow, and as he passed along the ranks, shouted "The Highlanders are coming, sixteen thousand strong."

It was too much for the volunteers, they marched up to the Castle and gave in their arms! Meanwhile, a packet was handed into the council chamber signed C. P., and offering the same terms as in the morning, only adding that the town must open its gates by two o'clock next morning.

The cry was unanimous to surrender, but to gain time deputies were sent to the Prince at Gray's Mill, two miles from Edinburgh, to ask for further delay. Hardly had the deputies gone when, in through the opposite gate galloped a messenger from Dunbar, to say that Cope had landed there with his troops.

Opinion now swung round the other way, and men's courage rose to the point of speaking about resistance. The deputies returned at ten at night. Charles, they said, was inexorable and stuck to his

Koviloor Acadamy

conditions. To cause a delay, a new set of deputies were sent forth at a very late hour, and went out by the West Bow *in a hackney coach.*

To gain time, and then steal another march on Cope, was even more important to the Prince than to his enemies. There were weak points in the wall that might be attacked. The chief gate of the city, the Netherbow, lay midway up the High Street, dividing the real Borough of Edinburgh from the Canongate.

On each side of this gate the wall descended sharply down hill, running along Leith Wynd on the north side and St. Mary's Wynd on the south. The houses of the latter—Edinburgh houses numbering their ten or twelve stories—were actually built on to the wall.

By entering one of these, active and determined men might clear the wall by a fire of musketry from the upper windows, and then make an escalade. Another weak point was at the foot of Leith Wynd, where the wall met the Norloch.

About midnight Lochiel and five hundred of his men started to make a night attack. They were guided by Murray of Broughton, the Prince's

Koviloor Acadamy

secretary, afterwards a traitor, who had been a student in Edinburgh and knew the town well.

To avoid chance shots from the guns of the Castle, they made a wide circle round the town, but so still was the night that across the city they could hear the watches called in the distant fortress. Swift and silent as Red Indians, the Highlanders marched in the shadow cast by the high, dark houses of the suburbs without arousing the sleeping inmates. They could see cannons on the walls, but no sentinels were visible. They determined to try fraud before resorting to force.

Twenty Camerons placed themselves in hiding on each side of the gate, sixty stood in the dark recess of the Wynd, the rest were at the bottom of the slope. One of the number, disguised as the servant of an English officer of dragoons, knocked loudly at the gate, demanding admission. The watch refused to open and threatened to fire. So this stratagem was not successful.

Already the dawn was beginning to break, and a council was held among the leaders of the band in low hurried whispers. They were deliberating whether they should not retreat, when all at

Koviloor Acadamy

once a heavy rumbling noise from within the city broke the silence of the night. The hackney coach before mentioned had deposited its load of deputies at the council chamber and was returning to its stable-yard in the Canongate.

A word to the watchmen within and the gates swung on their heavy hinges. In rushed the body of Camerons, secured the bewildered watchmen, and in a few minutes had seized the city guard-house and disarmed the soldiers. Then they struck up the wild pibroch "We awa' to Sheriff-muir to haud the Whigs in order." Startled citizens rushing to their windows saw in the dim twilight the streets filled with plaids and bonnets. The conquerors visited all the outposts as quietly as if they were troops relieving guard.

A citizen strolling along by the wall early next morning found a Highland soldier astride one of the cannons, "Surely you are not the same soldiers who were here yesterday?" "Och no!" was the answer with a grave twinkle, "she be relieved."

At noon Prince Charles rode to Holyrood by way of Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags. He was on foot as he approached the ancient home of

Koviloor Acadamy

his race. But the large and enthusiastic crowd which came out to meet him pressed so closely upon him in their eagerness to kiss his hand, that he had to mount a horse, and rode the last half mile between the Duke of Perth and Lord Elcho. A gallant young figure he must have appeared at that moment, tall and straight and fresh-colored, in a tartan coat and blue bonnet, with the cross of St. Andrew on his breast.

As he was about to enter the old Palace of Holyrood, out of the crowd stepped the noble and venerable figure of Mr. Hepburn of Keith. He drew his sword, and, holding it aloft, with grave enthusiasm marshalled the Prince up the stairs. It was surely a good omen. No man in Scotland bore a higher character for learning, goodness, and patriotism than Mr. Hepburn. He was hardly less respected by the Whigs than by the Jacobites.

That same afternoon, at the old Cross in the High Street, with pomp of heralds and men-at-arms, James VIII was proclaimed King, and his son's commission as Regent was read aloud to the listening crowd. Loud huzzas almost drowned

Koviloor Acadamy

the wild music of the bagpipes. The Highlanders in triumph let off their pieces in the air, and from every window in the high houses on each side ladies fluttered their white handkerchiefs.

Beside the Cross, beautiful Mrs. Murray of Broughton sat on horseback, a drawn sword in one hand, while with the other she distributed white cockades to the crowd. Even grave Whig statesmen like the Lord President Forbes were disturbed by the enthusiastic Jacobitism that possessed all the Scotch ladies.

More than one followed the example of the high-spirited Miss Lumsden, who let her lover clearly understand that she would have nothing more to say to him unless he took up arms for the Prince. And doubtless more young gallants than Robert Strange joined the rebels for no better reason than their ladies' command.

A ball was given at Holyrood that same evening. Surrounded by all that was bravest and most beautiful and brilliant in Scottish society, it was no wonder that Charles felt that this was but the beginning of a larger and more complete triumph.

Koviloor Acadamy

TARTAN TALES

PRESTONPANS

IN less than a month Prince Charles had marched through a kingdom, and gained a capital, but he felt his triumph insecure till he had met his enemies in fair fight. Nor were his followers less eager for battle. In a council of war held at Holyrood, Charles declared his intention of leading the army against Cope, and of charging in person at its head. That, however, the chiefs would not hear of. The Prince's life was all-important to their cause, and must not be rashly exposed to danger.

The arms that the Edinburgh trained bands had used to so little purpose, about a thousand muskets, had fallen into the hands of the Jacobites. But even with this addition, the Highland soldiers were insufficiently accoutred. The gentlemen, who marched in the front ranks, were, it is true, completely armed with broadsword, musket, pistol, and dirk. But in the rank and file many an unkempt, half-clothed, ill-fed cateran carried merely a bill-hook or scytheblade fixed into a long pole.

Koviloor Acadamy

It was the swiftness and splendid daring of their onset that made these ill-armed, untrained clansmen the equals, or more than the equals, of the regular army that opposed them.

In the meantime Cope, with his army of two thousand foot, reinforced by the fugitive dragoons, some six hundred men under Gardiner, were marching from Dunbar. Gardiner, as brave a soldier as he was a good and devout Christian, was full of foreboding. The "Canter of Coltbridge" had broken his heart; a "most foul flight," he called it, and added, to a friend who tried to comfort him, that there were not ten men in his troop whom he could trust not to run away at the first fire.

No such misgiving seems to have disturbed Sir John Cope. On Friday the 20th the Hanoverian army reached Prestonpans, and formed its ranks on a plain between the sea on the north and the ridge of Carberry Hill on the south.

The road from Edinburgh to Haddington passed through this plain, and the simple old general argued that the advancing army would be sure to take the easiest road. Fortunately Lord George

Koviloor Acadamy

Murray knew better where the peculiar strength of the Highlanders lay.

Early on Friday morning the Prince's army broke up their camp at Duddingstone. Charles himself was the first man on the field. As the troops began their march, he drew his sword and cried: "Gentlemen, I have thrown away the scabbard." High-spiritèd words which found an echo in the hearts of all the brave men present.

The army marched in column, three abreast, the various clans holding together under their own chiefs. Two miles short of Prestonpans Lord George learned the position of Cope's army, and at once led his light-footed soldiers up the slopes that commanded the plain.

The English general was hourly expecting his enemies to approach from the west by the road, and he was fully prepared to meet them at that point. At two in the afternoon, to his amazement, they suddenly appeared from the south, marching over the ridge of the hill.

The Hanoverian soldiers had enough spirit to receive them with cheers, to which the Highland-

Koviloor Acadamy

ers responded by wild yells. They longed ardently to sweep down the slope and give instant battle, but the nature of the ground made this impossible even for a Highland army. Intersecting the hillside were high stone walls, which would have to be scaled under a hot fire from below, and at the bottom was a swamp, a wide ditch, and a high hedge.

A certain gentleman in the Prince's army, Ker of Gordon, rode over the ground on his pony to examine its possibilities. He went to work as coolly as if he were on the hunting-field, making breaches in the wall and leading his pony through, in spite of a hot fire from the Hanoverians. He reported that to charge over such ground was impossible.

The Highlanders were bitterly disappointed. Their one fear was that Cope should again slip away under cover of darkness. To prevent this Lord Nairne and six hundred Perthshire men were sent to guard the road to Edinburgh. Seeing that nothing more could be done that night, both armies settled down to rest. General Cope

Koviloor Acadamy

lay in comfort at Cockenzie; Prince Charles on the field, a bundle of peastraw served for his pillow, a long white cloak thrown over his plaid for a covering.

Among the volunteers who had recently joined the Prince was an East Lothian laird called Anderson. He had often shot over the fields about Prestonpans. During the night he suddenly remembered a path which led from the heights, down through the morass on to the plain, slightly to the east of Cope's army. He sought out Lord George and told him of this path, and he, struck with the possibility of making immediate use of the information, took him without delay to the Prince.

Charles was alert on the instant, entered into the plan proposed, and the next moment the word of command was passed along the sleeping lines. A few moments later the whole army was moving along the ridge in the dim starlight. But here a difficulty occurred.

At Bannockburn, and in all great battles afterwards, except Killiekrankie, the Macdonalds had held the place of honor on the right wing of the

Koviloor Acadamy

army. They claimed that position now with haughty tenacity. The other clans, equally brave and equally proud, disputed the claim. It was decided to draw lots to settle the question. Lots were drawn, and the place of honor fell to the Camerons and Stewarts.

An ominous cloud gathered on the brows of the Macdonald chiefs, but Lochiel, as sagacious as he was courteous, induced the other chiefs to waive their claim, and, well content, the clan Macdonald marched on in the van.

Up on the hill the sky was clear, but a thick white mist covered the plain. Under cover of this the Highlanders passed the morass in the one fordable place. In the darkness the Prince missed a stepping-stone and slipped into the bog, but recovered so quickly that no one had time to draw a bad omen from the accident.

A Hanoverian dragoon, standing sentinel near this point, heard the march of the soldiers while they were still invisible in the dusk, and galloped off to give the alarm, but not before the Highland army was free from the swamp and had formed in two lines on the plain. Macdonalds and Cam-

Koviloor Acadamy

erons and Stewarts were in the first line. Behind, at a distance of fifty yards, followed the Perthshiremen and other regiments led by Charles himself.

Learning that the enemy was now approaching from the east side of the plain, Cope drew up his men to face their approach. In the centre was the infantry, the steadiest body in his army. On his left, near the sea and opposite the Macdonalds, Hamilton's dragoons; on the right, the other dragoons under Gardiner, and in front of these the battery of six cannon. This should have been a formidable weapon against the Highlanders, who, unfamiliar with artillery, had an almost superstitious fear of the big guns, but they were manned by half-a-dozen feeble old sailors.

There was a brief pause as the two armies stood opposite each other in the sea of mist. The Highlanders muttered a short prayer, drew their bonnets down on their eyes, and moved forward at a smart pace.

At that moment a wind rose from the sea and rolled away the curtain of mist from between the two armies. In front of them the Highlanders

Koviloor Acadamy

saw their enemy drawn up like a hedge of steel.

With wild yells they came on, their march quickening to a run, each clan charging in a close compact body headed by its own chief. Even while they rushed on, as resistless as a torrent, each man fired his musket deliberately and with deadly aim, then flung it away and swept on, brandishing his broadsword.

A body of Stewarts and Camerons actually stormed the battery, rushing straight on the muzzles of the guns. The old men who had them in charge had fled at the first sight of the Highlanders. Even the brave Colonel Whiteford, who alone and unassisted stood to his guns, had to yield to their furious onset.

Gardiner's dragoons standing behind the battery were next seized by the panic. They made one miserable attempt to advance, halted, and then wheeling round, dashed wildly in every direction. Nor could Hamilton's dragoons on the other wing stand the heavy rolling fire of the advancing Macdonalds. Mad with terror, man and horse fled in blind confusion, some backwards, confounding

Koviloor Acadamy

their own ranks, some along the shore, some actually through the ranks of the enemy.

Only the infantry in the centre stood firm and received the onset of the Highlanders with a steady fire. A small band of Macgregors, armed only with scytheblades, charged against this hedge of musketry. This curious weapon was invented by James More, a son of Rob Roy Macgregor. He was the leader of this party, and fell, pierced by five bullets. With undaunted courage he raised himself on his elbow, and shouted:

"Look ye, my lads, I'm not dead; by Heaven I shall see if any of you does not do his duty."

In that wild charge, none of the clansmen failed to "do his duty." Heedless of the rain of bullets, they rushed to close quarters with the Hanoverian infantry, who, deserted by the dragoons, were now attacked on both sides as well as in front. A few stood firm, and the gallant Colonel Gardiner put himself at their head.

A blow from a scytheblade in the hands of a gigantic Macgregor ended his life, and spared him the shame and sorrow of another defeat. The Park walls at their back prevented the infantry

Koviloor Acadamy

from seeking ignoble security in flight, after the fashion of the dragoons, and they were forced to lay down their weapons and beg for quarter. Some four hundred of them fell, struck down by the broadswords and dirks of their enemy, more than seven hundred were taken prisoners, and only a few hundred escaped.

The battle was won in less than five minutes. Charles himself commanded the second column, which was only fifty yards behind the first. But, by the time he arrived on the scene of action, there was nothing left to be done. Nothing, that is, in securing the victory, but Charles at once occupied himself in stopping the carnage and protecting the wounded and prisoners.

"Sir," cried one of his staff, riding up to him, "there are your enemies at your feet."

"They are my father's subjects," answered Charles sadly, turning away.

In vain did Sir John Cope and the Earl of Home try to rally the dragoons. Holding pistols to the men's heads, they succeeded in collecting a body in a field near Clement's Wells, and tried to form a squadron. But the sound of a pistol-shot

Koviloor Acadamy

renewed the panic and off they started again at the gallop.

There was nothing for it but for the officers to put themselves at the head of as many fugitives as they could collect, and conduct the flight. Hardly did they draw rein till they were safe at Berwick. There the unfortunate general was received by Lord Mark Ker with the well-known sarcasm: "Sir, I believe you are the first general in Europe who has brought the first news of his own defeat." [1]

In the meantime, the wounded they had left on the field were being kindly cared for by the victorious army. Charles despatched a messenger to bring medical aid, an errand not without danger to a single horseman on roads covered with straggling bodies of dragoons. But the adventure just suited the gallant spirit of young Lawrence Oliphant.

At Tranent the sight of him and his servant at their heels sent off a body of dragoons at the gallop. Single fugitives he disarmed and dismounted, sending the horses back to the Prince by

[1] Others were Frederick the Great, and David Leslie.

Koviloor Acadamy

the hands of country lads. Once he had to discharge his pistol after a servant and pony, but for the most part the terrified soldiers yielded at a word.

Entering the Netherbow, he galloped up the streets of Edinburgh shouting, "Victory! victory!" From every window in the High Street and Luckenbows white caps looked out, while the streets were crowded with eager citizens, and joyful hurrahs were heard on every side. At Lucky Wilson's, in the Law Market, the young gentleman alighted, called for breakfast, and sent for the magistrates to deliver his orders that the gates were to be closed against any fugitive dragoons. Hat in hand, the magistrates waited on the Prince's aide-de-camp, but at that moment the cry arose that dragoons and soldiers were coming up the street.

Up jumped Oliphant and out into the street, faced eight or nine dragoons, and commanded them to dismount in the Prince's name. This the craven Hanoverians were quite prepared to do. Only one presented his piece at the young officer.

Oliphant snapped his pistol at him, forgetting

Koviloor Acadamy

that it was empty. Immediately half a dozen shots were fired at him, but so wildly that none did him any harm beyond shattering his buckle, and he retreated hastily up one of the dark steep lanes that led into a close.

The commander of the Castle refused to admit the fugitives, threatened even to fire on them as deserters, and they had to gallop out at the West Port and on to Stirling. Another of the Prince's officers, Colquhoun Grant, drove a party of dragoons before him all the way into Edinburgh, and stuck his bloody dirk into the Castle gates as a defiance.

Sadder was the fate of another Perthshire gentleman, as young and as daring as Lawrence Oliphant. David Thriepland, with a couple of servants, had followed the dragoons for two miles from the field. They had fled before him, but, coming to a halt, they discovered that their pursuers numbered no more than three. They turned on them and cut them down with their swords.

Many years afterwards, when the grass was rank and green on Mr. Thriepland's grave, a child named Walter Scott, sitting on it, heard the story

Koviloor Acadamy

from an old lady who had herself seen the death of the young soldier.

The next day, Sunday, the Prince made his triumphant entry up the High Street of Edinburgh. Clan after clan marched past, with waving plaids and brandished weapons; the wild music of the pipes sounded as full of menace as of triumph. From every window in the dark, high houses on each side, fair faces looked down, each adorned with the white cockade. In their excitement the Highlanders let off their pieces into the air.

By an unfortunate accident one musket thus fired happened to be loaded, and the bullet grazed the temple of a Jacobite lady, Miss Nairne, inflicting a slight wound. "Thank God that this happened to me, whose opinions are so well known," cried the high-spirited girl. "Had a Whig lady been wounded, it might have been thought that the deed had been intentional."

THE MARCH TO DERBY

A SUCCESSFUL army, especially an insurgent army, should never pause in its onward march. If

Koviloor Acadamy

Prince Charles could have followed the flying dragoons over the Border into England he would have found no preparations made to resist him in the Northern counties.

Even after the King and Government were alarmed by the news of the battle of Preston, a full month was allowed to pass before an army under General Wade arrived at Newcastle on the 29th of October. Dutch, Hessian, and English troops were ordered home from Flanders and regiments were raised in the country. But at first no one seems to have seriously believed in anything so daring as an invasion of England by Prince Charles and his Highlanders.

So far there had come no word of encouragement from the English Jacobites. Still, Charles never doubted but that they would hasten to join him as soon as he crossed the Border. On the very morrow of Prestonpans he sent messengers to those whom he considered his friends in England, telling of his success and bidding them be ready to join him.

In the meantime he waited in Edinburgh till

Koviloor Acadamy

his army should be large and formidable enough to undertake the march South. After the battle numbers of his soldiers had deserted.

According to their custom, as soon as any clansman had secured as much booty as he could conveniently carry, he started off home to his mountains to deposit his spoil. A stalwart Highlander was seen staggering along the streets of Edinburgh with a pier glass on his back. Ragged boys belonging to the army adorned themselves with gold-laced hats, or any odd finery they could pick up.

Many new adherents flocked to join the Prince. Among these was the simple-minded old Lord Pitsligo. He commanded a body of horse, though at his age he could hardly bear the fatigues of a campaign. In Aberdeenshire, always Jacobite and Episcopalian, Lord Lewis Gordon collected a large force. In Perthshire Lord Ogilvy raised his clan, though neither of these arrived in time to join the march South.

Even a Highland army could not start in mid-winter to march through a hostile country without any preparations. Tents and shoes were provided

Koviloor Acadamy

by the city of Edinburgh, and all the horses in the neighborhood were pressed into the Prince's service.

On the first day of November the army, numbering six thousand men, started for the Border. Lord George led one division, carrying the supplies by Moffat and Annandale to the West Border. Charles himself commanded the other division. They pretended to be moving on Newcastle, marched down Tweedside and then turned suddenly westward and reached England through Liddesdale.

On the 8th they crossed the Border. The men unsheathed their swords and raised a great shout. Unfortunately, as he drew his claymore, Lochiel wounded his hand, and his men, seeing the blood flow, declared it to be a bad omen.

But fortune still seemed to follow the arms of the Adventurer. Carlisle was the first strong town on the English Border, and though insufficiently garrisoned, was both walled and defended by a Castle. The mayor, a vain-glorious fellow, was ambitious of being the first man to stay the victorious army, and published a proclamation

Koviloor Acadamy

saying that he was not "Patterson, a Scotchman, but Pattieson, a true-hearted Englishman, who would defend his town against all comers."

A false report that Wade was advancing from the West made Charles turn aside and advance to Brampton in the hope of meeting him. But the roads were rough, the weather was wild and cold, the Hanoverian general was old, and again, as at Corryarack, Charles prepared to meet an enemy that never appeared.

In the meantime a division of the army had returned to Carlisle and was laying siege to it with great vigor. Lord George Murray and the Duke of Perth worked in the trenches in their shirt sleeves.

The sound of bullets in their ears, the sight of formidable preparations for an assault, were too much for the mayor and his citizens. On the 13th, the "true-hearted Englishman" hung out a white flag, and the Prince's army marched in and took possession. It was another success, as sudden and complete as any of the former ones. But there were ominous signs even at this happy moment.

The command of the siege of Carlisle had been

Koviloor Acadamy

given to the Duke of Perth, and Lord George Murray, the older and abler general, resented the slight. He sent in his resignation as commander of the forces, but with proud magnanimity offered to serve as a volunteer. Charles accepted the resignation, but the idea of losing the one general of any experience they had, created consternation among the chiefs. The crisis would have become serious but for the generous good sense and modesty of the Duke of Perth, who sent in his resignation also to the Prince.

A more ominous fact was that they had been almost a week in England and no one had declared for them. Charles refused to let anything damp his hopefulness. Lancashire was the stronghold of Jacobitism. Once in Lancashire, gentlemen and their following would flock to join him.

The road between Carlisle and Preston lies over bare, stony heights, an inhospitable country in the short, bleak days and long nights of November. Charles shared every hardship with his soldiers. He had a carriage but he never used it, and it was chiefly occupied by Lord Pitsligo.

With his target on his shoulder he marched

Koviloor Acadamy

alongside of the soldiers, keeping up with their rapid pace, and talking to them in his scanty Gaelic. He seldom dined, had one good meal at night, lay down with his clothes on, and was up again at four next morning. No wonder that the Highlanders were proud of "a Prince who could eat a dry crust, sleep on pease-straw, dine in four minutes, and win a battle in five."

Once going over Shap Fell he was so overcome by drowsiness and cold that he had to keep hold of one of the Ogilvies by the shoulderbelt and walked some miles half asleep. Another time the sole of his boot was quite worn out, and at the next village he got the blacksmith to nail a thin iron plate to the boot.

"I think you are the first that ever shod the son of a king," he said, laughing as he paid the man.

Still entire silence on the part of the English Jacobites. The people in the villages and towns through which they passed looked on the uncouth strangers with ill-concealed aversion and fear. Once going to his quarters in some small town the "gentle Lochiel" found that the good woman of the house had hidden her children in a cupboard,

Koviloor Acadamy

having heard that the Highlanders were cannibals and ate children!

The town of Preston was a place of ill omen to the superstitious Highlanders. There, thirty years before, their countrymen had been disastrously defeated. They had a presentiment that they too would never get beyond that point. To destroy this fear, Lord George Murray marched half his army across the river and encamped on the further side.

Manchester was the next halting-place, and there the prospects were rather brighter. An enterprising Sergeant Dickson hurried on in front of the army with a girl and a drummer boy at his side. He marched about the streets recruiting, and managed to raise some score of recruits.

In Manchester society there was a certain Jacobite element. On Sunday the church showed a crowd of ladies in tartan cloaks and white cockades, and a nonjuring clergyman preached in favor of the Prince's cause. Among the officers who commanded the handful of men calling itself the Manchester Regiment, were three brothers of the name of Deacon, whose father, a nonjuring

Kóviloor Acadamy

clergyman, devoted them all gladly to the cause. Another, Syddel, a wig-maker, had as a lad of eleven seen his father executed as a Jacobite in the '15, and had vowed undying vengeance against the house of Hanover.

Manchester was the only place in England that had shown any zeal in the Prince's cause, and it contributed but some few hundred men and £3,000 of money.

The situation seemed grave to the leaders of the Prince's army. He himself refused to recognize any other fact than that every day brought him nearer to London. On October 31 the army left Manchester. At Stockport they crossed the Mersey, the Prince wading up to the middle.

Here occurred a very touching incident. A few Cheshire gentlemen met Charles at this point, and with them came an aged lady, Mrs. Skyring. As a child she remembered her mother lifting her up to see Charles II land at Dover.

Her parents were devoted Cavaliers, and despite the ingratitude of the royal family, loyalty was an hereditary passion with their daughter. For years she had laid aside half her income and

Koviloor Acadamy

had sent it to the exiled family, only concealing the name of the donor as being of no interest to them. Now, she had sold all her jewels and plate, and brought the money in a purse as an offering to Charles. With dim eyes, feeble hands, and feelings too strong for her frail body, she clasped Charles's hand, and gazing at his face said, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace."

The Highland forces were in the very centre of England and had not yet encountered an enemy, but now they were menaced on two sides. General Wade, "Grandmother Wade" the Jacobite soldiers called him, by slow marches through Yorkshire had arrived within three days' march of them on one side, while, far more formidable, in front of them at Stafford lay the Duke of Cumberland with ten thousand men. He was a brave leader, and the troops under him were seasoned and experienced.

At last the English Government had awakened to the seriousness of the danger which they had made light of as long as it only affected Scotland. When news came that the Scots had got beyond

Koviloor Acadamy

Manchester, a most unmanly panic prevailed in London. Shops were shut, there was a run on the Bank. It has even been asserted that George II himself had many of his valuables removed on to yachts in the Thames, and held himself in readiness to fly at any moment.

The Duke of Cumberland and his forces were the only obstacle between the Prince's army and London. Lord George Murray, with his usual sagacity, determined to slip past this enemy also, as he had already slipped past Wade. While the Prince, with one division of the army, marched straight for Derby, he himself led the remaining troops apparently to meet the Duke of Cumberland. That able general fell into the snare and marched up his men to meet the Highlanders at Congleton.

Then Lord George broke up his camp at midnight of December 2, and, marching across country in the darkness, joined the Prince at Leek, a day's journey short of Derby. By this clever stratagem the Highland army got a start of at least a day's march on their way to London.

On the 4th, the Highland army entered Derby,

· Koviloor Acadamy

marching in all day in detachments. Here Charles learned the good news from Scotland that Lord John Drummond had landed at Montrose with a thousand French soldiers and supplies of money and arms.

Never had fortune seemed to shine more brightly on the young Prince. He was sure now of French assistance; he shut his eyes to the fact that the English people were either hostile or indifferent. If it came to a battle he was confident that hundreds of the enemy would desert to his standard. The road to London and to a throne lay open before him!

That night at mess he seriously discussed how he should enter London in triumph. Should it be in Highland or English dress? On horseback or on foot? Did he notice, one wonders, that his gay anticipations were received in ominous silence by the chiefs? At least the private soldiers of his army shared his hopes.

On the afternoon of the 5th many had their broadswords and dirks sharpened, and some partook of the Sacrament in the churches. They all felt that a battle was imminent.

Koviloor Acadamy

Next morning a council of war was held. Charles was eager to arrange for an immediate advance on London. Success seemed to lie within his grasp.

Lord George Murray rose as spokesman for the rest. He urged immediate retreat to Scotland! Two armies lay one on either hand, a third was being collected to defend London. Against thirty thousand men what could five thousand avail? He had no faith in a French invasion, he was convinced that nothing was to be looked for from the English Jacobites.

"Rather than go back, I would I were twenty feet underground," Charles cried in passionate disappointment. He argued, he commanded, he implored. The chiefs were inexorable, and it was decided that the retreat should begin next morning before daybreak.

This decision broke the Prince's heart and quenched his spirit. Never again did his buoyant courage put life into his whole army. Next morning he rose sullen and enraged, and marched in gloomy silence in the rear.

All the private soldiers and many of the officers

Koviloor Acadamy

believed that they were being led against the Duke of Cumberland. When returning daylight showed that they were retreating by the same road on which they had marched so hopefully two days before, they were filled with grief and rage.

"Would God," writes a certain brave Macdonald, "we had pushed on though we had all been cut to pieces, when we were in a condition for fighting and doing honor to our noble Prince and the glorious cause we had taken in hand."

The distrust caused in the Prince's mind by Lord George's action had, later, the most fatal effect.

THE RETREAT

NEVER, perhaps, in any history was there a march more mournful than that of the Highland army from Derby. These soldiers had never known defeat, and yet there they were, in full retreat through a hostile country. So secret and rapid were their movements that they had gained two full days' march before the Duke of Cumber-

Koviloor Acadamy

land had any certain news of their retreat.

Though he started at once in pursuit, mounting a body of infantry on horses that they might keep up with the cavalry, and though all were fresh and in good condition, it was not till the 18th that he overtook the Prince's army in the wilds of Cumberland. Lord George Murray, looking upon himself as responsible for the safety of the army, had sent on the first division under the Prince, and himself brought up the rear with the baggage and artillery.

In the hilly country of the North of England, it was no light task to travel with heavy baggage. The big wagons could not be dragged up the steep ill-made roads, and the country people were sullenly unwilling to lend their carts. The General was reduced to paying sixpence for every cannon ball that could be carried up the hills. The Prince was already at Penrith on the 17th, but Lord George had been obliged to stop six miles short of that point. Marching before daybreak on the 18th, he reached a village called Clifton as the sun rose.

A body of horsemen stood guarding the village.

Koviloor Acadamy

The Highlanders, exhilarated at meeting a foe again, cast their plaids and rushed forward. On this the Hanoverians, a mere body of local yeomanry, fled. Among a few stragglers who were taken prisoner was a footman of the Duke of Cumberland, who told his captors that his master with four thousand cavalry was following close behind them.

Lord George resolved to make a stand, knowing that nothing would be more fatal than allowing the dragoons to fall suddenly on his troops when they had their backs turned. He had a body of Macdonalds and another of Stuarts with him. He found also some two hundred Macphersons, under their brave commander Cluny, guarding a bridge close to the village.

The high road here ran between a wall on one side, and fields enclosed by high hedges and ditches on the other. On either side he could thus place his soldiers under cover.

As evening fell he learned that the Hanoverian soldiers were drawn up on the moor, about a mile distant. He sent some of his men to a point where they should be partly visible to the enemy over a

Koviloor Acadamy

hedge. These he caused to pass and repass, so as to give a delusive idea of numbers.

When the night fell the Highland soldiers were drawn up along the wall on the road, and in the enclosures behind the hedges. Lord George and Cluny stood with drawn swords on the highway. Every man stood at his post on the alert, in the breathless silence. Though the moon was up, the night was cloudy and dark, but in a fitful gleam the watchful general saw dark forms approaching in a mass behind a hedge. In a rapid whisper he asked Cluny what was to be done.

"I will charge sword in hand if you order me," came the reply, prompt and cheery. A volley from the advancing troops decided the question. "There is no time to be lost; we must charge," cried Lord George. And raising the Highland war cry, "Claymore, Claymore," he was the first to dash through the hedge. He lost his hat and wig among the thorns, and fought the rest of the night bareheaded!

The dragoons were forced back on to the moor, while another body of horse was similarly driven back along the high road by the Stuarts and Mac-

Koviloor Acadamy

donells of Glengarry. About a dozen Highlanders, following too eagerly in pursuit, were killed on this moor. But the loss on the other side was far greater. Nor did the Duke of Cumberland again attack the retreating enemy. He had learned, like the other generals before him, the meaning of a Highland onset.

A small garrison of Highlanders had been left in Carlisle, but these rejoined the main army as it passed through the town. There was an unwillingness among the soldiers to hold a fort that was bound to be taken by the enemy. Finally the Manchester regiment consented to remain, probably arguing, in the words of one of the English volunteers, that they "might as well be hanged in England as starved in Scotland."

The Esk was at this time in flood, running turbid and swift. But the Highlanders have a peculiar way of crossing deep rivers. They stand shoulder to shoulder, with their arms linked, and so pass in a continuous chain across.

As Charles was fording the stream on horseback, one man was swept away from the rest and was being rapidly carried down. The Prince

Koviloor Acadamy

caught him by the hair, shouting in Gaelic, *Co-hear, cohear!* "Help, help!"

They were now again on Scottish ground, and the question was, whither were they to go next? Edinburgh, immediately after the Prince's departure, had gladly reverted to her Whig allegiance. She was garrisoned and defended; any return thither was practically out of the question. It was resolved that the army should retire to the Highlands through the West country.

Dumfries, in the centre of the Covenanting district, had always been hostile to the Stuarts. Two months before, when the Highland army marched south, some of her citizens had despoiled them of tents and baggage. To revenge this injury, Charles marched to Dumfries and levied a large fine on the town. The Provost, Mr. Carson, was noted for his hostility to the Jacobites. He was warned that his house was to be burned, though the threat was not carried out. He had a little daughter six years old at the time. When she was quite an old lady she told Sir Walter Scott that she remembered being carried out of the house in the arms of a Highland officer. She begged him to

Koviloor Acadamy

point out the *Pretender* to her. This he consented to do, after the little girl had solemnly promised always to call him the *Prince* in future.

An army which had been on the road continuously for more than two winter months, generally presents a sufficiently dilapidated appearance. Still more must this have been the case with the Highland army, ill-clad and ill-shod to begin with. The soldiers, hardly more than four thousand now, who on Christmas day marched into Glasgow, had scarcely a whole pair of boots or a complete suit of tartans among them. This rich and important town was even more hostile than Dumfries to the Jacobites, but it was necessity more than revenge that forced the Prince to levy a heavy sum on the citizens, and exact besides twelve thousand shirts, six thousand pairs of stockings and shoes.

At Stirling, whither the Prince next led his army, the prospects were much brighter. Here he was joined by the men raised in Aberdeenshire under Lord Lewis Gordon, Lord Strathallan's Perthshire regiment, and the French troops under Lord John Drummond. The whole number of

Koviloor Acadamy

his army must have amounted to not much less than nine thousand men.

The Duke of Cumberland had given up the pursuit of the Highland army after Carlisle. An alarm of a French invasion sent him hurrying back to London. In his stead General Hawley had been sent down to Scotland and was now in Edinburgh at the head of eight thousand men.

He was an officer trained in the Duke of Cumberland's school, severe to his soldiers and relentlessly cruel to his enemies. A vain and boastful man, he looked with contempt on the Highland army, in spite of the experience of General Cope.

On the 16th he marched out of Edinburgh with all his men, anticipating an easy victory. Lord George Murray was at Linlithgow, and slowly retreated before the enemy, but not before he had obtained full information of their numbers and movements.

On the nights of January 15 and 16, the two armies lay only seven miles apart, the Prince at Bannockburn and General Hawley at Falkirk. From the one camp the lights of the other were

Koviloor Acadamy

visible. The Highland army kept on the alert, expecting every hour to be attacked.

All the day of the 16th they waited, but there was no movement on the part of the English forces. On the 17th the Prince's horse reconnoitred and reported perfect inactivity in Hawley's camp. The infatuated general thought so lightly of the enemy that he was giving himself up to amusement.

The fair and witty Lady Kilmarnock lived in the neighborhood at Callender House. Her husband was with the Prince, and she secretly favored the same cause. By skilful flattery and hospitality, she so fascinated the English general that he recklessly spent his days in her company, forgetful of the enemy and entirely neglectful of his soldiers.

Charles knew that the strength of his army lay in its power of attack, and so resolved to take the offensive. The high road between Bannockburn and Falkirk runs in a straight line in front of an old and decaying forest called Torwood. Along this road, in the face of the English camp, marched Lord John Drummond, displaying all

Koviloor Acadamy

the colors in the army, and making a brave show with the cavalry and two regiments.

Their advance was only a feint. The main body of the army skirted round to the south of the wood, then marched across broken country, hidden at first by the trees and later by the inequalities of the ground, till they got to the back of a ridge called Falkirk Muir, which overlooked the English camp. Their object was to gain the top of this ridge before the enemy, and then to repeat the manœuvres of Prestonpans.

Meanwhile, the English soldiers were all unconscious, and their general was enjoying himself at Callender House. At eleven o'clock General Huske, the second in command, saw Lord John Drummond's advance, and sent an urgent message to his superior officer.

He, however, refused to take alarm, sent a message that the men might put on their accoutrements, and sat down to dinner with his fascinating hostess. At two o'clock, General Huske, looking anxiously through his spy-glass, saw the bulk of the Highland army sweeping round to the back of the ridge.

Koviloor Acadamy

A messenger was instantly despatched to Callender House. At last Hawley was aroused to the imminence of the danger. Leaving the dinner table, he leaped on his horse and arrived in the camp at a gallop, breathless and bare-headed. He trusted to the rapidity of his cavalry to redeem the day.

He placed himself at the head of the dragoons, and up the ridge they rode at a smart trot. It was a race for the top. The dragoons on their horses were the first to arrive, and stood in their ranks on the edge of the hill.

From the opposite side came the Highlanders in three lines; first the clans, the Macdonalds, of course, on the right, then the Aberdeenshire and Perthshire regiments, lastly cavalry and Lord John Drummond's Frenchmen. Undismayed, nay, rather exhilarated by the sight of the three regiments of dragoons drawn up to receive them, they advanced at a rapid pace. The dragoons, drawing their sabres, rode on at full trot to charge the Highlanders.

With the steadiness of old soldiers, the clans came on in their ranks, till within ten yards of the

Koviloor Acadamy

enemy. Then Lord George gave the signal by presenting his own piece, and at once a withering volley broke the ranks of the dragoons. About four hundred fell under this deadly fire and the rest fled, fled as wildly and ingloriously as their fellows had done at Coltbridge or Prestonpans.

A wild storm of rain dashing straight in their faces during the attack added to the confusion and helplessness of the dragoons. The right and centre of Hawley's infantry were at the same instant driven back by the other clans, Camerons and Stewarts and Macphersons.

The victory would have been complete but for the good behavior of three regiments at the right of Hawley's army, Price's, Ligonier's, and Barrel's. From a point of vantage on the edge of a ravine they poured such a steady fire on the left wing of the Highlanders, that they drove them back and forced them to fly in confusion.

Had the victorious Macdonalds only attacked these three steady regiments, the Highland army would have been victorious all along the line. Unfortunately they had followed their natural instinct instead of the word of command, and fling-

Koviloor Acadamy

ing away their guns, were pursuing the fugitive dragoons down the ridge. The flight of the Hanoverians was so sudden that it caused suspicion of an ambush. The Prince was lost in the darkness and rain. The pipers had thrown their pipes to their boys, had gone in with the claymore, and could not sound the rally.

It was not a complete victory for Charles, but it was a sufficiently complete defeat for General Hawley, who lost his guns. The camp at Falkirk was abandoned after the tents had been set on fire, and Hawley with his dismayed and confused followers retired first to Linlithgow and then to Edinburgh.

He tried to make light of his defeat and to explain it away, though to Cumberland he said that his heart was broken. But the news of the battle spread consternation all over England, and it was felt that no one but the Duke of Cumberland was fit to deal with such a stubborn and daring enemy.

The Prince's army did not reap so much advantage from their victory as might have been expected. Their forces were in too great confusion to pursue the English general, and on the morrow

Koviloor Acadamy

of the battle many deserted to their own homes, carrying off their booty. A more serious loss was the defection of the clan Glengarry.

The day after the battle a young Macdonald, a private soldier of Clanranald's company, was withdrawing the charge from a gun he had taken on the field. He had abstracted the bullet, and, to clean the barrel, fired off the piece. Unfortunately it had been double-loaded, and the remaining bullet struck Glengarry's second son, Æneas, who was in the street at the time.

The poor boy fell, mortally wounded, in the arms of his comrades, begging with his last breath that no vengeance should be exacted for what was purely accidental. It was asking too much from the feelings of the clansmen. They indignantly demanded that blood should atone for blood. Clanranald would gladly have saved his clansman, but dared not risk a feud which would have weakened the Prince's cause.

So another young life as innocent as the first was sacrificed to clan jealousy. The young man's own father was the first to fire on his son, to make sure that death should be instantaneous. Young

Koviloor Acadamy

Glengarry was buried with all military honors, Charles himself being chief mourner. But nothing could appease the angry pride of the clan, and the greater part of them returned to their mountains without taking any leave.

IN THE HIGHLANDS

ON January 30 the Duke of Cumberland arrived in Edinburgh. His reception was a curious parody of Charles's brilliant entry four months before. The fickle mob cheered the one as well as the other. The Duke occupied the very room at Holyrood that had been Charles's, where the one had danced with Jacobite beauties, the other held a reception of Whig ladies. Each was fighting his father's battle; both were young men of five-and-twenty.

But here likeness gives way to contrast. Charles was graceful in person, and of dignified and attractive presence; his cousin, Cumberland, was already stout and unwieldy, and his coarse and cruel nature had traced unpleasant lines on

Koviloor Acadamy

his face. He was a poor general but a man of undoubted courage. Yet he had none of that high sense of personal honor that we associate with a good soldier. In Edinburgh he found many of the English officers who had been taken prisoner at Prestonpans. They had been left at large on giving their word not to bear arms against the Prince. Cumberland declared that this "parole" or promise was not binding, and ordered them to return to their regiments.

A small number, it is right that we should know and honor their names, Sir Peter Halket, Mr. Ross, Captain Lucy Scott and Lieutenants Farquharson and Cumming, thereupon sent in their resignations, saying that the Duke was master of their commissions but not of their honor.

On the 30th the Duke and his soldiers were at Linlithgow, and hoped to engage the Highland army next day near Falkirk. But on the next day's march they learned from straggling Highlanders that the enemy had already retired beyond the Forth. They had been engaged in a futile siege of Stirling Castle. The distant sound of an explosion which was heard about midday on the

Koviloor Acadamy

1st, proved to be the blowing up of the powder magazine, the last act of the Highlanders before withdrawing from Stirling.

This second, sudden retreat was as bitter to the Prince as the return from Derby. After the battle at Falkirk he looked forward eagerly and confidently to fighting Cumberland on the same ground. But there was discontent and dissension in the camp.

Since Derby the Prince had held no councils, and consulted with no one but Secretary Murray and his Irish officers. The chiefs were dispirited and deeply hurt, and, as usual, the numbers dwindled daily from desertion.

In the midst of his plans for the coming battle, Charles was overwhelmed by a resolution on the part of the chiefs to break up the camp and to retire without delay to the Highlands. Again he saw his hopes suddenly destroyed, again he had to yield with silent rage and bitter disappointment.

The plan of the chiefs was to withdraw on Inverness, there to attack Lord Loudon, who held the fort for King George. They were to rest and recruit, each clan in its own country, till in the

Koviloor Acadamy

spring they could take the field again with a fresher and larger army. Lord George Murray led one division by the east coast and Aberdeen, to the rendezvous near Inverness. Charles led the other by General Wade's road through Badenoch and Athol.

Cumberland with his heavy troops and baggage could not overtake the light-footed Highlanders. By the time he reached Perth he was six days' march behind them. He sent old Sir Andrew Agnew to garrison the house of Blair, and other small companies to occupy all the chief houses in Athol. He himself retired with the main body to Aberdeen, and there waited for milder weather.

In the neighborhood of Inverness lies the country of the Mackintoshes. The laird of that ilk was a poor-spirited, stupid man. It was his simple political creed that that king was the right one who was willing and able "to give a half-guinea to-day and another to-morrow." That was probably the pay he drew as officer in one of King George's Highland companies.

Of a very different spirit was his wife. Lady Mackintosh was a Farquharson of Invercauld.

Koviloor Acadamy

In her husband's absence she raised a body of mixed Farquharsons and Mackintoshes, several hundred strong, for the Prince. These she commanded herself, riding at their head in a tartan habit with pistols at her saddle. Her soldiers called her "Colonel Anne."

Once in a fray between her irregular troops and the militia, her husband was taken prisoner and brought before his own wife. She received him with a military salute, "Your servant, Captain;" to which he replied equally shortly, "Your servant, Colonel."

This high-spirited woman received Charles as her guest on February 16 at the castle of Moy, twelve miles from Inverness.

Having learned that Charles was staying there with a small guard, Lord Loudon conceived the bold plan of capturing the Prince, and so putting an end to the war once for all. On Sunday the 16th, at nightfall, he started with fifteen hundred men with all secrecy and despatch.

Still the secret had oozed out, and the dowager Lady Mackintosh sent a boy to warn her daughter-in-law and the Prince. The boy was both faith-

Koviloor Acadamy

ful and sagacious. Finding the high road already full of soldiers, he skulked in a ditch till they were past, then, by secret ways, over moor and moss, running at the top of his pace, he sped on, till, faint and exhausted, he reached the house at five o'clock in the morning, and panted out the news that Loudon's men were not a mile away!

The Prince was instantly aroused, and in a few minutes was out of the house and off to join Lochiel not more than a mile distant. As it happened, Lord Loudon's troops had already been foiled and driven back by a bold manœuvre of some of "Colonel Anne's" men.

A blacksmith with some half-dozen men, two pipers amongst them, were patrolling the woods near the high road, when in the dim morning twilight they saw a large body of the enemy approaching. They separated, planted themselves at intervals under cover, fired rapidly and simultaneously, shouted the war cries of the various clans, Lochiel, Keppoch, Glengarry, while the pipers blew up their pipes furiously behind. The advancing soldiers were seized with panic, and flying wildly back, upset the ranks of the rear and

Koviloor Acadamy

filled them with the same consternation. The "Rout of Moy" was hardly more creditable to the Hanoverian arms than the "Canter of Coltbridge."

In this affair only one man fell, MacRimmon, the hereditary piper of the Macleods. Before leaving Skye he had prophesied his own death in the lament, "Macleod shall return, but MacRimmon shall never."

The next day, February 18, Charles, at the head of a body of troops, marched out to besiege Inverness. He found that town already evacuated. Lord Loudon had too little faith in his men to venture another meeting with the enemy. Two days later Fort George also fell into the Prince's hands.

During the next six weeks the Highland army was employed in detachments against the enemies who surrounded them on all sides. Lord John Drummond took Fort Augustus, Lochiel and others besieged, but in vain, the more strongly defended Fort William. Lord Cromarty pursued Lord Loudon into Sunderland.

But the most notable and gallant feat of arms

Koviloor Acadamy

was performed by Lord George Murray. He marched a body of his own Athol men, and another of Macphersons under Cluny, seven hundred men in all, down into his native district of Athol.

At nightfall they started from Dalwhinnie, before midnight they were at Dalnaspidal, no one but the two leaders having an idea of the object of the expedition. It was the middle of March; at that season they might count on five hours of darkness before daybreak. It was then explained to the men that they were to break up into some thirty small companies. Each was to march to attack one of the English garrisons placed in all the considerable houses in the neighborhood. It was necessary that each place should be attacked at the same time, that the alarm might not spread. By daybreak all were to reassemble at the Falls of Bruar, within a mile or two of Castle Blair.

One after the other the small parties moved off swiftly and silently in the darkness, one marching some ten miles off to the house of Faskally, others attacking Lude, Kinnachin, Blairfettie, and many other houses where the English garrisons were

Koviloor Acadamy

sleeping in security. Meanwhile Lord George and Cluny, with five-and-twenty men and a few elderly gentlemen, went straight to the Falls of Bruar.

In the gray of the morning a man from the village of Blair came up hastily with the news that Sir Andrew Agnew had got the alarm. With several hundred men he was scouring the neighborhood and was now advancing towards the Falls! Lord George might easily have escaped up the pass. But if he failed to be at the rendezvous, each small body as it came in would be surrounded and overpowered by the enemy. The skillful general employed precisely the same ruse as had been so successful at the "Rout of Moy."

He put his followers behind a turf wall at distant intervals, displayed the Colors in a conspicuous place, and placed his pipers to advantage. As Sir Andrew came in sight, the sun rose, and was flashed back by brandished broadswords behind the turf wall. All along the line plaids seemed to be waving, and heads appeared and disappeared as if a large body of men were behind. While the pipes blew up a clamorous pibroch, thirty men

Koviloor Acadamy

shouted for three hundred. Sir Andrew fell into the snare, and promptly marched his men back again. One by one the other parties came in. Some thirty houses had yielded to them, and they brought three hundred prisoners with them.

After this success Lord George actually attempted to take the House of Blair. It was a hopeless enterprise. The walls of the house were seven feet thick, and Lord George had only two small cannons. "I daresay the man's mad, knocking down his own brother's house," said the stout old Commander, Sir Andrew, watching how little effect the shot had on the walls.

Lord George sent to Charles for reinforcements when it began to seem probable that he could reduce the garrison by famine. But Charles, embittered and resentful, and full of unjust suspicion against his General, refused any help. And on March 31 Lord George had to abandon the siege and withdraw his men. The Prince's suspicions, though unjust, were not unnatural. Lord George had twice advised retreat, where audacity was the only way to success.

Koviloor Acadamy

CULLODEN

IN the meantime the weeks were rolling on. The gray April of the North, if it brought little warmth, was at least lengthening the daylight, and melting the snow from the hills, and lowering the floods that had made the rivers impassable.

Since the middle of February the Duke of Cumberland and his army of at least eight thousand men, horse and infantry, had been living at free quarters in Aberdeen. He bullied the inhabitants, but he made careful provision for his army. English ships keeping along the coast were ready to supply both stores and ammunition as soon as the forces should move.

With the savage content of a wild animal that knows that his prey cannot escape, the duke was in no hurry to force an engagement till the weather should be more favorable.

To the Highland army every week's delay was a loss. Many of the clansmen had scattered to their homes in search of subsistence, for funds were falling lower and lower at Inverness. For-

Koviloor Acadamy

tune was treating Charles harshly at this time. Supplies had been sent once and again from France, but the ships that had brought them had either fallen into the enemy's hands, or had been obliged to return with their errand unaccomplished. His soldiers had now to be paid in meal, and that in insufficient quantities.

There was thus discontent in the ranks, and among the chiefs there was a growing feeling of discouragement. Charles treated with reserve and suspicion the men who were risking property and life for his cause, and consulted only with Secretary Murray and his Irish officers.

On April 8 the Duke of Cumberland began his march from Aberdeen. Between the two armies lay the river Spey, always deep and rapid, almost impassable when the floods were out. A vigilant body of men commanding the fords from either bank would have at its mercy any army that might try to cross the stream under fire.

Along the west bank Lord John Drummond and his men had built a long, low barrack of turf and stone. From this point of vantage they had hoped to pour their fire on the Hanoverian soldiers in

Koviloor Acadamy

mid-stream, but the vigilant Duke of Cumberland had powerful cannons in reserve on the opposite bank, and Lord John and his soldiers drew off before the enemy got across.

On Monday the 15th this retreating party arrived at Inverness, bringing the news that the Duke was already at Nairne, and would probably next day approach to give battle. Prince Charles was in the highest spirits at the news. In the streets of Inverness the pipers blew the gathering of the various clans, the drums beat, and with colors flying the whole army marched out of the town and encamped on the plain of Culloden.

The Prince expected to be attacked next morning, Tuesday the 16th, and at six o'clock the soldiers were drawn up in order of battle. There was an ominous falling away in numbers. The Macphersons with Cluny had scattered to their homes in distant Badenoch, the Frasers were also absent. Neither of these brave and faithful clans was present at the battle the next day. The Keppoch Macdonalds and some other detachments only came in next morning.

By the most fatal mismanagement no provision

Koviloor Acadamy

had been made for feeding the soldiers that day, though there was meal and to spare at Inverness. A small loaf of the driest and coarsest bread was served out to each man. By the afternoon, the starving soldiers had broken their ranks and were scattering in search of food.

Lord Elcho had reconnoitred in the direction of Nairne, twelve miles off, and reported that the English army would not move that day. They were resting in their camp and celebrating their commander's birthday.

Charles called a council of war at three in the afternoon. Lord George Murray gave the daring counsel that instead of waiting to be attacked they should march through the night to Nairne, and while it was still dark surprise and overwhelm the sleeping enemy. By dividing the Highland forces before reaching Nairne they might attack the camp in front and rear at the same moment. No gun was to be fired which might spread the alarm, the Highlanders were to fall on with dirk and broadsword. The Prince had meant to propose this very plan, he leaped up and embraced Lord George,

Koviloor Acadamy

It was a dangerous scheme. But with daring, swiftfooted, enterprising men it did not seem impossible. Yes! but with men faint and dispirited by hunger? At the review that morning the army had numbered about seven thousand men, but hardly more than half that number assembled in the evening on the field. The rest were still scattered in search of food. By eight o'clock it was dark enough to start. The attack on the enemy's camp was timed for two in the morning; six hours was thus allowed for covering the twelve miles.

The army was to march in three columns, the clans first in two divisions, Lochiel and Lord George at the head with thirty of the Mackintoshes as guides. The Prince himself commanded the third column, the Lowland troops, and the French and Irish regiments. The utmost secrecy was necessary; the men marched in dead silence. Not only did they avoid the high roads, but wherever a light showed the presence of a house or sheiling they had to make a wide circuit round it. The ground they had to go over was rough and uneven. Every now and then the men splashed

Koviloor Acadamy

into unexpected bogs or stumbled over hidden stones. Add to this that the night was unusually dark.

Instead of marching in three clear divisions, the columns got mixed in the darkness and mutually kept each other back. Soon the light-footed clansmen got ahead of the Lowland and French and Irish regiments unused to such heavy walking. Every few minutes messengers from the rear harassed the leaders of the van by begging them to march more slowly. It was a cruel task to restrain the pace while the precious hours of darkness were slipping past. At Kilravock House the van halted.

This was the point where it was arranged that the army was to divide, one part marching straight on the English camp, the other crossing the river so as to fall on the enemy from the opposite side. The rear had fallen far behind, and there was more than one wide gap between the various troops. The Duke of Perth galloped up from behind and told Lord George that it was necessary that the van should wait till the others came up.

Koviloor Acadamy

Other officers reported that the men were dropping out of their ranks, and falling asleep by the roadside.

Watches were now consulted. It was already two o'clock and there were still four miles to be covered. Some of the officers begged that, at all risks, the march might be continued. As they stood consulting an aide-de-camp rode up from the rear saying that the Prince desired to go forward, but was prepared to yield to Lord George's judgment. Just then through the darkness there came from the distance the rolling of drums! All chance of surprising the English camp was at an end. With a heavy heart Lord George gave the order to march back. This affair increased the Prince's suspicions of Lord George, which were fostered by his Irishry.

In the growing light the retreat was far more rapid than the advance had been. It was shortly after five that the army found themselves in their old quarters at Culloden. Many fell down where they stood, overpowered with sleep. Others dispersed in search of food.

Charles himself and his chief officers found

Koviloor Acadamy

nothing to eat and drink at Culloden House but a little dry bread and whisky. Instead of holding a council of war, each man lay down to sleep where he could, on table or floor.

But the sleep they were able to snatch was but short. At about eight a patrol coming in declared that the Duke of Cumberland was already advancing, his main body was within four miles, his horse even nearer.

In the utmost haste the chiefs and officers of the Highland army tried to collect their men. Many had straggled off as far as Inverness, many were still overpowered with sleep. All were faint for lack of food.

When the ranks were arrayed in order of battle, their numbers only amounted to five thousand men. They were drawn up on the open plain. On the right, high turf walls, enclosing a narrow field, protected their flank, though, as it proved, quite ineffectually; on their left lay Culloden House.

In spite of hunger and fatigue, the old fighting instinct was so strong in the clans that they took up their positions in the first line with all their old fire and enthusiasm, *all but the Macdonalds.*

Koviloor Acadamy

By extraordinary mismanagement the clans Glengarry, Keppoch, and Clanranald, they who had so nobly led the right wing at Prestonpans and Falkirk, were placed on the left. It was a slight that bitterly hurt their pride. It was also, to their superstitious minds, a fatal omen. Who was the cause of the blunder? This does not seem to be certainly known. On the right, where the Macdonalds should have been, were the Athol men, the Camerons, the Stewarts of Appin, Macleans, Mackintoshes, and other smaller clans, each led by their own chiefs, and all commanded by Lord George.

At the extremities of the two wings the guns were placed, four on each side, the only artillery on the Prince's side. The second line consisted of the French, Irish, and Lowland regiments. The Prince and his guards occupied a knoll at the rear, from which the whole action of the fight was visible. His horse was later covered with mud from the cannon balls striking the wet moor, and a man was killed behind him.

By one o'clock the Hanoverian army was drawn up within five hundred paces of their enemies.

Koviloor Acadamy

HIS HORSE WAS COVERED WITH MUD FROM CANNON BALLS STRIKING THE WET MOOR

Koviloor Acadamy

The fifteen regiments of foot were placed in three lines, so arranged that the gaps in the first line were covered by the centres of the regiments in the second line. Between each regiment in the first line two powerful cannons were placed, and three bodies of horse were drawn up, flanking either wing. The men were fresh, well fed, confident in their general, and eager to retrieve the dishonor of Prestonpans and Falkirk.

A little after one, the day clouded over, and a strong northeasterly wind drove sudden showers of sleet in the faces of the Highland army. They were the first to open fire, but their guns were small, and the firing ill-directed. The balls went over the heads of the enemy and did little harm.

Then the great guns on the other side poured out the return fire, raking the ranks of the Highlanders, clearing great gaps, and carrying destruction even into the second line. For half an hour the Highlanders stood exposed to this fire while comrade after comrade fell at their side. It was all they could do to keep their ranks. Their white, drawn faces and kindling eyes spoke of the hunger for revenge that possessed their hearts.

Koviloor Acadamy

Lord George was about to give the word to charge, when the Mackintoshes impatiently rushed forward, and the whole of the centre and left wing followed them. On they dashed blindly, through the smoke and snow and rattling bullets. So irresistible was the onset that they actually swept through two regiments in the first line, though almost all the chiefs and front rank men had fallen in the charge.

The regiment in the second rank, Sempill's, was drawn up three deep; the first rank kneeling, the third upright, all with bayonets fixed. They received the onrushing Highlanders with a sharp fire. This brought the clansmen to a halt, a few were forced back, more perished, flinging themselves against the bayonets. Their bodies were afterwards found in heaps three or four deep.

While the right and centre perished in this wild charge, the Macdonalds on the left remained sullenly in their ranks, rage and angry pride in their souls. In vain the Duke of Perth urged them to charge.

"Your courage," he cried, "will turn the left

Koviloor Acadamy

into the right, and I will henceforth call myself Macdonald."

In vain Keppoch, with some of his kin, charged alone.

"My God! have the children of my tribe forsaken me?" he cried, looking back to where his clansmen stood stubborn and motionless. The stout old heart was broken by this dishonor. A few minutes later he fell pierced by many bullets.

In the meantime the second line had been thrown into confusion. A detachment of the Hanoverians, the Campbells, in fact, had broken down the turf walls on the Prince's right. Through the gaps thus made, there rode a body of dragoons, who fell on the rear and flanks of the Lowland and French regiments, and scattered them in flight. Gillie MacBane held a breach with the claymore, and slew fourteen men before he fell.

But the day was lost. All that courage, and pride, and devotion, and fierce hate could do had been done, and in vain.

Charles had, up to the last, looked for victory. He offered to lead on the second line in person.

Koviloor Acadamy

But his officers told him that Highlanders would never return to such a charge. Two Irish officers dragged at his reins. His army was a flying mob, and so he left his last field, unless, as was said, he fought at Laffen as a volunteer, when the Scots Brigade nearly captured Cumberland.

He had been eager to give up Holyrood to the wounded of Prestonpans; *his* wounded were left to die, or were stabbed on the field. He had refused to punish fanatics who tried to murder him. His faithful followers were tortured to extract information which they never gave. He lost a throne, but he won hearts, and, while poetry lives and romance endures, the Prince Charles of the Forty-Five has a crown more imperishable than gold.

This was the ending of that Jacobite cause, for which men had fought and died, for which women had been content to lose homes and husbands and sons. It was the end of that gifted race of Stuart kings who, for three centuries and more of varying fortunes, had worn the crown of Scotland.

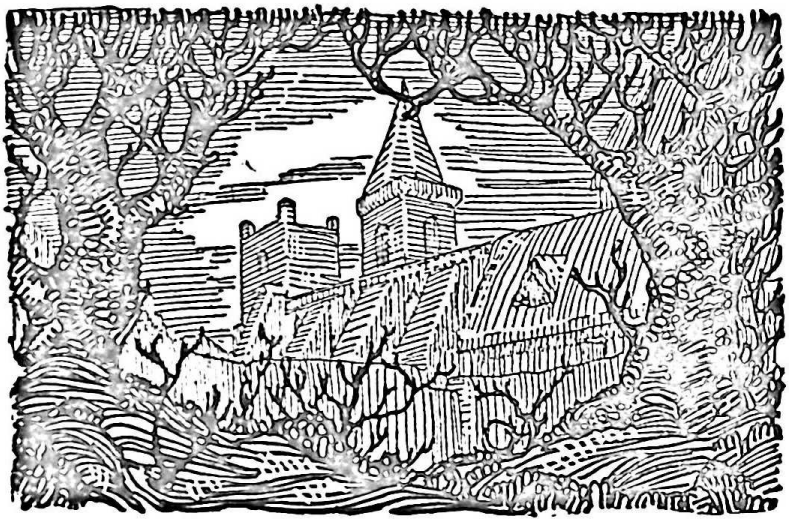
But it was not the end of the romance of the Highland clans. Crushed down, scattered, and cruelly treated as these were in the years that fol-

Koviloor Acadamy

lowed Culloden, nothing could break their fiery spirit nor kill their native aptitude for war. In the service of that very government which had dealt so harshly with them, they were to play a part in the world's history, wider, nobler, and not less romantic than that of fiercely faithful adherents to a dying cause.

The pages of that history have been written in imperishable deeds on the hot plains of India, in the mountain passes of Afghanistan, in Egypt, in the Peninsula, on the fields of Waterloo and Quatre Bras, and among the snows of the Crimea. And there may be other pages of this heroic history of the Highland regiments that our children and our children's children shall read with proud emotion in days that are to be.

Koviloor Acadamy



THE STORY OF GRISELL BAILLIE'S SHEEP'S HEAD

THE Lady Grisell Baillie, as she was called after her marriage, was the daughter of a very eminent Covenanter, Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth. Grisell was born in 1665, and during all the years of her girlhood her father was seldom able to come home to his house of Polwarth, for fear of the officers of the Government seizing him. On one occasion he was taken and

Koviloor Acadamy

cast into prison in Dumbarton Castle for full fifteen months.

Grisell was but a little girl at the time, but she had a wisdom and a quaint discretion beyond her years. Often she was entrusted with a letter to carry to him past the guard, and succeeded in the attempt where an elder person would certainly have been suspected and searched.

When her father was set at liberty, it was not many weeks till the soldiers again came seeking him. New troubles had arisen, and the suspicion of the King was against all men that were not active in his service.

Parties of soldiers were continually searching the house in pursuit of him. But this occasioned no alarm to his family, for they all, with three exceptions, thought him far from home.

Only Sir Patrick's wife, his little daughter Grisell, and a carpenter named James Winter were trusted with the secret. The servants were frequently put to the oath as to when they saw their master. But as they knew nothing, all passed off quite well.

With James Winter's assistance the Lady Pol-

Koviloor Acadamy

warth got a bed and bed-clothes carried in the night to the burying-place, a vault under ground at Polwarth Church, a mile from the house. Here Sir Patrick was concealed a whole month, never venturing out. For light he had only an open slit at one end, through which nobody could see what was below.

To this lonely place little Grisell went every night by herself at midnight, to carry her father food and drink, and stayed with him as long as she could with a chance of returning home before the morning. Here in this dismal habitation did they often laugh heartily at the incidents of the day, for they were both of that cheerful disposition which is a continual feast.

Grisell had ordinarily a terror of the churchyard, especially in the dark. Being but a little girl, and having been frightened with nursery stories, she thought to see ghosts behind every tomb. But when she came to help her father, she had such anxious care for him that all fear of ghosts went away from her. She stumbled among the graves every night alone, being only in dread that the stirring of a leaf or the barking of a dog

Koviloor Acadamy

SHE STUMBLED AMONG THE GRAVES EVERY NIGHT ALONE

Koviloor Acadamy

betokened the coming of a party of soldiers to carry away her father to his death. The minister's house was near the church. The first night she went, his dogs kept up such a barking that it put her in the utmost fear of a discovery.

The next day the Lady Polwarth sent for the curate, and, on pretext of a mad dog, got him to send away all his dogs. A considerate curate, in sooth!

There was great difficulty in getting food to carry to Sir Partick without the servants, who were not in the secret, suspecting for what purpose they were taken. The only way that it could be done was for Grisell to slip things off her plate into her lap as they sat at dinner.

Many a diverting story is told about this. Sir Patrick above all things was fond of sheep's head. One day while the children were eating their broth, Grisell had conveyed a whole sheep's head into her lap. Her brother Sandy, who was afterwards Lord Marchmont, looked up as soon as he had finished, and cried out with great astonishment:

"Mother, will ye look at our Grisell. While

Koviloor Acadamy

we have been supping our broth, she has eaten up the whole sheep's head!"

For indeed she needed to be looked to in these circumstances. This occasioned great merriment when she told her father of it in his hiding-place at night. And he desired that the next time there was sheep's head Sandy should have a double share of it.

His great comfort and constant entertainment while in this dreary abode, for he had no light to read by, was to repeat over and over to himself Buchanan's Latin Psalms. And to his dying day, nearly forty years after, he would give the book to his wife, and ask her to try him at any place to see if he minded his Psalms as well as he had done in the hiding-hole among the bones of his ancestors in Polwarth Kirkyard.

After this, James Winter and the Lady Polwarth made a hole in the ground under a bed that drew out of a recess in the wall. They lifted the boards and took turns at digging out the earth, scratching it with their hands till they were all rough and bleeding, for only so could they prevent a noise being heard.

Koviloor Acadamy

Grisell and her mother helped James Winter to carry the earth in bags and sheets to the garden at the back. He then made a box bed at his own house, large enough for Sir Patrick to lie in, with bed and bed-clothes, and bored holes in the boards for air. But in spite of all this, the difficulty of their position was so great, and the danger so certainly increasing, that it was judged better that Sir Patrick should attempt to escape to Holland.

It was necessary to tell the grieve, John Allen, who was so much astonished to hear that his master had been all the time about the house, that he fainted away. However, he made up willingly enough a story that he was going to Morpeth Fair to sell horses.

And Sir Patrick having got forth from a window of the stables, they set out in the dark. Sir Patrick, being absent-minded, let his horse carry him whither it would, and in the morning found himself at Tweedside, far out of his way, at a place not fordable and without his servant.

But this also was turned to good. For after waiting awhile he found means to get over to the other side, where with great joy he met his serv-

Koviloor Acadamy

ant. Then the grieve told him that he had never missed him till, looking about, he heard a great galloping of horses, and a party of soldiers who had just searched the house for Sir Patrick, surrounded him and strictly examined him. He looked about everywhere and could not see his master, for he was in much fear, thinking him to be close behind. But in this manner, by his own absent-mindedness, Sir Patrick was preserved, and so got safely first to London and afterwards to Holland.

Thence Sir Patrick sent home for his wife and family. They came to him in a ship, and on the way had an adventure. The captain was a sordid and brutal man, and agreed with them and with several other people to give them a bed on the passage.

So when there arose a dispute who would have the bed, the Lady Polwarth said nothing. But a gentleman coming to her said, "Let them be doing. You will see how it will end." So two of the other gentlewomen lay on the bed, the Lady Polwarth with Grisell and a little sister lying on

Koviloor Acadamy

the floor, with a cloak-bag of books she was taking to Sir Patrick for their only pillow.

Then in came the captain, and first ate up all their provisions with a gluttony incredible. Then he said to the women in the bed, "Turn out, turn out!" and laid himself down in place of them. But a terrible storm came on, and he had to get up immediately and go out to try to save the ship.

And so he got no more sleep that night, which pleased the gentlewomen greatly in spite of all their own fears and pains. They never saw more of him till they landed at the Brill. From that they set out on foot for Rotterdam with one of the gentlemen who had been kind to them on the crossing to Holland.

It was a cold, wet night. Grisell's little sister, a girl not well able to walk, soon lost her shoes in the mud. Whereupon the Lady Polwarth took her upon her back, the gentlemen carrying all their baggage, and Grisell going through the mire at her mother's side.

At Rotterdam they found their eldest brother and Sir Patrick himself waiting to conduct them

Koviloor Acadamy

to Utrecht, where their house was. No sooner were they met again than they forgot everything, and felt nothing but happiness and contentment.

And even after their happy and prosperous return to Scotland they looked back on these years in Holland, when they were so poor, and often knew not whence was to come the day's dinner, as the happiest and most delightful of their lives. Yet the years of Grisell Baillie's after-life were neither few nor evil.

Koviloor Acadamy

PRINCE CHARLIE'S WANDERINGS

THE FLIGHT

APRIL 16, 1746. It was an April afternoon, gray and cold, with gleams of watery sunshine, for in the wilds of Badenoch the spring comes but slowly, and through April on to May the mountains are as black and the moors as sombre and lifeless as in the dead of winter. In a remote corner of this wild track stood, in 1746,

Koviloor Acadamy

a gray stone house with marsh-lands in front, severe and meagre as the houses were at that time in the Highlands.

Upstairs in a room by herself a little girl of ten was looking out of the window. She had been sent up there to be out of the way, for this was a very busy day in the household of Gortuleg.

The Master, Mr. Fraser, was entertaining the chief of his clan, old Lord Lovat. In these anxious days, when the Prince was at Inverness and the Duke of Cumberland at Aberdeen, he had thought fit to retire into the wilds of Badenoch, to the house of his faithful clansman.

Downstairs, the astute old man of eighty was sitting in his arm-chair by the fire, plotting how he could keep in with both parties and secure his own advantage whichever side might win. By some strange infatuation the household at Gortuleg was cheerful and elated. A battle was imminent, nay, might have been fought even now, and they were counting securely on another success to the Prince's army.

So the ladies of the family, staunch Jacobites

Koviloor Acadamy

every one of them as, indeed, most ladies were even in distinctly Whig households, were busy preparing a feast in honor of the expected victory. The little girl sat alone upstairs, hearing the din and commotion and looking out on the vacant marshland outside.

Suddenly and completely the noise ceased below, and the child seized her opportunity and crept downstairs. All was still in the big living-room, only in the dim recess of the fireplace the old lord was sitting, a silent, brooding figure, in his deep armchair. The rest of the household, men and women, gentle and simple, were all crowded in the doorway, breathlessly intent on something outside. Threading her way through them the child crept outside the circle and looked eagerly to see what this might be.

Across the gray marshes horsemen were riding, riding fast, though the horses strained and stumbled, and the riders had a weary, dispirited air. "It is the fairies," was the idea that flashed through her brain, and in a moment she was holding her eyelids open with her fingers, for she knew that

Koviloor Acadamy

the "good people," if they do show themselves, are only visible between one winking of the eyes and another.

But this vision did not pass away, and surely never were fairy knights in such a sorry plight as was this travel-stained, dishevelled company that drew rein at the door of Gortuleg.

The leader of the band was a young man in Highland dress, tall and fair, and with that "air" of which his followers fondly complained afterwards that no disguise could conceal it. At the sight of him, arriving in this plight at their doors, a great cry of consternation broke from the assembled household.

There was no need to tell the terrible news. The Prince was a fugitive, a battle had been lost, and the good cause was for ever undone! It was no time for idle grieving, immediate relief and refreshment must be provided, and the Prince sent forward without delay on his perilous flight. The ladies tore off their laces and handkerchiefs to bind up wounds, and wine was brought out for the fugitives.

There is no certain account of Charles's inter-

Koviloor Acadamy

view with Lord Lovat. We do not know whether the cunning old man turned and upbraided the Prince in his misfortune, or whether the instincts of a Highland gentleman overcame for a moment the selfishness of the old chief. Anyway, this was no time to bandy either upbraidings or compliments.

Forty minutes of desperate fighting on the field of Culloden that morning had broken for ever the strength of the Jacobite cause. Hundreds lay dead where they fell, hundreds were prisoners in the hands of the most relentless of enemies, hundreds were fleeing in disarray to their homes among the mountain fastnesses.

For the Prince the only course seemed to be flight to the West coast. There, surely, some vessel might be found to convey him to France, there to await better times and to secure foreign allies. A price was on his head, his enemies would certainly be soon on his traces, he dared not delay longer than to snatch a hasty meal and drink some wine.

At Gortuleg the party broke up and went their several ways. The Prince was accompanied by

Koviloor Acadamy

the Irish officers of his household, Sir Thomas Sheridan, O'Neal, and O'Sullivan, gentlemen-adventurers who had accompanied him from France and whose advice in his day of triumph had often been injudicious. Let it be said for them that they were at least faithful and devoted when his fortunes were desperate.

As guide went a certain Edward Burke, who, fortunately for the party, knew every yard of rugged ground between Inverness and the Western sea. During all the time that he shared the Prince's wanderings this Edward Burke acted as his valet, giving him that passionate devotion which Charles seems to have inspired in all who knew him personally at this time.

Reduced now to a handful of weary, wounded men, the Prince's party continued their flight through the chilly April night. At two o'clock next morning they had passed the blackened ruins of Fort George. As dawn broke they drew rein at the house of Invergarry.

But the gallant chief of the Macdonells was away, and the hospitable house was deserted and silent. The very rooms were without furniture

Koviloor Acadamy

or any accommodation, and the larder was bare of provisions. But wearied men are not fastidious, and without waiting to change their clothes, they rolled themselves up in their plaids on the bare boards, and slept the sleep of utter weariness.

It was high noon before they woke up again, woke up to find breakfast unexpectedly provided. The faithful Burke had risen betimes and drawn two fine salmon from the nets set in the river. Then for greater security the Prince and his valet changed clothes, and the journey was continued through Lochiel's country.

The next stage was at the head of Loch Arkaig, where they were the guests of a certain Cameron of Glenpean, a stalwart, courageous farmer, whom the Prince was destined to see more of in his wanderings. Here the country became so wild and rugged that they had to abandon their horses and clamber over the high and rocky mountains on foot.

In his boyhood in Italy the Prince had been a keen sportsman, and had purposely inured himself to fatigue and privations. These habits stood him now in good stead. He could rival even the light-

Koviloor Acadamy

footed Highlanders on long marches over rough ground. The coarsest and scantiest meals never came amiss to him. He could sleep on the hard ground or lie hid in bogs for hours with a stout heart and a cheerful spirit.

Here on the night of Saturday, the 19th, among the mountains that surround Loch Morar, no better shelter could be found than a shieling used for shearing sheep.

The next day, Sunday, the 20th, they came down to the coast and found refuge in the hospitable house of Borodale, belonging to Angus Macdonald, a clansman of Clanranald's. Nine months before, when the Prince had landed from France and had thrown himself without arms or following on the loyalty of his Highland friends, this Angus Macdonald had been proud to have him as his guest. One of his sons, John, had joined the Prince's army and had fought under his own chief, young Clanranald. This young man was at this time supposed to have been killed at Culloden, though in fact he had escaped unhurt.

When the Prince, therefore, entered this house of mourning he went up to Mrs. Macdonald and

Koviloor Acadamy

asked her with tears in his eyes if she could endure the sight of one who had caused her such distress.

"Yes," said the high-hearted old Highland-woman, "I would be glad to have served my Prince though all my sons had perished in his service, for in so doing they would only have done their duty." [1]

While resting here at Borodale, Charles sent his final orders to the remnant of his gallant army, which under their chiefs had drawn to a head at Ruthven. They were to disperse, he wrote, and secure their own safety as best they could. They must wait for better times, when he hoped to return bringing foreign succor. Heart-breaking orders these were for the brave men who had lost all in the Prince's cause, and who were now proscribed and homeless fugitives.

Charles and the handful of men who accompanied him had expected that, once safely arrived at the coast, their troubles would be over and the

[1] I had three sons, who now hae nane,
I bred them toiling sarely,
And I wad bare them a' again
And lose them a' for Charlie!

Koviloor Acadamy

way to France clear. But at Borodale they learned that the Western seas swarmed with English ships of war and with sloops manned by the local militia.

A thorough search was being made of every bay and inlet of the mainland, and of every island, even to the Outer Hebrides, and further, to remote St. Kilda! This disconcerting news was brought by young Clanranald and Æneas Macdonald of Kinloch Moidart, the Parisian banker who had accompanied Charles from France.

Macdonald had just returned from an expedition to South Uist, where he had more than once narrowly escaped being taken by some vigilant English cruiser. It was impossible, he urged, for a ship of any size to escape through such a closely-drawn net. The idea of starting directly for France must be abandoned, but could the Prince escape to the outer islands and there secure a suitable vessel, he might be out upon the wide seas before his departure was discovered.

It was therefore decided that the little party should cross the Minch in an open boat and make for the Long Island. For this expedition the very

Koviloor Acadamy

man was forthcoming in the person of the Highland pilot who had accompanied Æneas Macdonald to South Uist. This was old Donald MacLeod of Guatergill, in Skye, a trader of substance and a man of shrewdness and experience. In spite of being a MacLeod he was a staunch Jacobite, and had joined the Prince's army at Inverness.

He had a son, a mere lad, at school in that place. This boy, hearing that a battle was likely to take place, flung aside his book, borrowed a dirk and a pistol, and actually fought in the battle of Culloden. More lucky than most, he escaped from the fight, tracked the Prince to Borodale, and arrived in time to take his place as one of the eight rowers whom his father had collected for the expedition. The boat belonged to the missing John Macdonald, for the Borodale family gave life and property equally unhesitatingly in the Prince's service.

On April 26, in the deepening twilight, the party started from Lochnanuagh. Hardly had they set out when they were overtaken by a terrible storm, the worst storm, Donald declared, that he

Koviloor Acadamy

had ever been out in, and he was an experienced sailor.

The Prince demanded vehemently that the boat should be run on shore, but Donald, knowing the rock-bound coast, answered that to do so would be to run on certain death. Their one chance was to hold out straight to sea. It was pitch dark, the rain fell in torrents. They had neither lantern, compass, nor pump on board. Charles lay at the bottom of the boat, with his head between Donald's knees. No one spoke a word. Every moment they expected to be overwhelmed in the waves or dashed against a rock, and for several hours the vessel rushed on in the darkness.

"But as God would have it," to use Donald's words, "by peep of day we discovered ourselves to be on the coast of the Long Isle. We made directly for the nearest land, which was Rossinish in Benbecula."

Here they found only a deserted hut, low, dark, and destitute of window or chimney. The floor was clay, and when they had lit a fire, the peat smoke was blinding and stifling. Still, they could dry their clothes and sleep, even though it were

Koviloor Acadamy

on a bed no better than a sail spread on the hard ground. Here they rested two days, and then found a more comfortable refuge in the Island of Scalpa, where the tacksman, although a Campbell, was a friend of Donald MacLeod's and received them hospitably.

ON THE LONG ISLAND

THE object of the expedition was, of course, to find some vessel big enough to carry the Prince and his friends over to France. Such ships were to be had in Stornoway, and Donald MacLeod, being a man well known in these parts, undertook to secure a vessel and pilot, under the pretence of going on a trading expedition to the Orkneys.

The Prince and his party were to remain at Scalpa till Donald should send for them. On May 3 came the message that vessel and pilot were in readiness, and that they should come to Stornoway without a moment's delay.

Owing to the wind being ahead it was impossible to go by sea, and the Prince and his two Irish

Koviloor Acadamy

followers were forced to go the thirty miles to Stornoway on foot. No footpath led through the wastes of heavy, boggy moorlands, the rain fell with an even downpour, and the guide stupidly mistook the way and added eight long Highland miles to the distance.

They were thoroughly drenched, exhausted, and famished when Donald met them at a place a mile or two out of Stornoway. Having cheered their bodies with bread and cheese and brandy, and their souls with the hopeful prospect of starting the next day for France, he took them to Kildun, a house in the neighborhood, where the mistress, though a MacLeod, was, like most of her sex, an ardent Jacobite.

Leaving the Prince and his friends to the enjoyment of food, dry clothes, a good fire, and the prospect of comfortable beds for tired limbs, Donald went back to Stornoway in hopeful spirits to complete his arrangements for taking the Prince on board. Another twenty-four hours and the ship would have weighed anchor, and the worst difficulties would be left behind. But as soon as he entered Stornoway he saw that something was

Koviloor Acadamy

wrong. Three hundred men of the militia were in arms, and the whole place was in an uproar. The secret had leaked out. One of the boat's crew, getting tipsy, had boasted that the Prince was at hand with five hundred men, ready to take by force what he could not obtain by goodwill.

The inhabitants of Stornoway were all Mackenzies, pledged by their chief, Seaforth, to loyal support of the Government. It is eternally to their honor that all they demanded was that the Prince should instantly remove himself from their neighborhood.

Not one amongst them seems to have suggested that a sum of £30,000. was to be gained by taking the Prince prisoner. So complete was Donald's confidence in their honesty that he did not hesitate to say to a roomful of armed militiamen:

"He has only two companions with him, and when I am there I make a third, and yet let me tell you, gentlemen, that if Seaforth himself were here he durst not put a hand to the Prince's breast."

Donald doubtless looked pretty formidable as he said these words. At any rate, the "honest Mackenzies" had no sinister intentions, only they

Koviloor Acadamy

vehemently insisted that the party should depart at once, and, what was worse, absolutely refused to give them a pilot. In vain Donald offered £500. Fear made them obdurate; and so, depressed and crestfallen, Donald returned to Kildun and urged the Prince to instant flight.

But not even the fear of immediate capture could induce the three wearied men to set out again in the wet and darkness to plod over rocks and morasses with no certain goal. So Donald had to control his fears and impatience till next day.

At eight next morning they started in the boat, hospitable Mrs. MacLeod insisting on their taking with them beef, meal, and even the luxuries of brandy, butter, and sugar. The weather being stormy they landed on a little desert island called Eiurn, which the Stornoway fishermen used as a place for drying fish.

Between some fish which they found drying on the rocks and Mrs. MacLeod's stores they lived in comparative luxury for the next few days. Ned Burke, the valet, was told off as cook. But he soon found that the Prince was far more skilful

Koviloor Acadamy

in the art of cookery than himself. It was his Royal Highness who suggested the luxury of butter with the fish, and who made a quite original cake by mixing the brains of a cow with some meal, giving orders to "birsle the bannock weel, or it would not do at all." Donald used to declare that in all his life "he never knew anyone better at a shift than the Prince when he happened to be at a pinch."

Like many another unfortunate man, whether prince or peasant, Charles found unfailing comfort in tobacco. He seems to have smoked nothing more splendid than clay pipes, and "as in his wanderings these behoved to break, he used to take quills, and putting one into the other and all into the end of the *cutty,* this served to make it long enough, and the tobacco to smoke cool."

Donald records another characteristic little trait of the Prince at this time. On quitting the island he insisted on leaving money on the rocks to pay for the fish they had consumed. In this he resembled his father, who, on leaving Scotland after the failure of 1715, sent money to Argyll to compen-

Koviloor Acadamy

sate the country folk whose cottages had been burned in the war; an act without precedent or imitation.

In the meantime the situation was growing more and more dangerous. Rumors had got abroad that the Prince was in the Long Island, and the search was being actively pursued. Two English men-of-war were stationed near the island, and sloops and gunboats ran up every bay and sound, while bodies of militia carried on the search by land.

These, from their intimate knowledge of the country, would have been the more formidable enemy of the two if many of their officers had not had a secret sympathy with the Jacobite cause and very lukewarm loyalty to the Government.

For several days the Prince's boat had been so constantly pursued that it was impossible for the crew to land. They ran short of food, and were reduced to eating oatmeal mixed with salt water, a nauseous mixture called in Gaelic, *Drammach.*

At last they ran into a lonely bay in Benbecula, where they were free from pursuit. It is characteristic of the Prince's irrepressible boyishness

Koviloor Acadamy

that he and the boatmen here went lobster-hunting with great enjoyment and success.

Without help at this juncture the little party must either have starved or fallen into the hands of their enemies. Charles therefore sent a message to the old chief of Clanranald, the largest proprietor in South Uist, begging him to come and see him.

Nine months before, when the Prince had landed on that island on his way from France, the old gentleman had refused to see him, pleading old age and infirmity. His brother, Macdonald of Boisdale, had seen the Prince and had vehemently urged him to give up so hopeless a design and to return to France. And, when he found that all persuasion was in vain, had roundly refused to promise him any assistance from his brother's clan. And though young Clanranald had, indeed, joined the Prince's standard, it was with many misgivings and against his better judgment.

But now, in the hour of Charles's total abandonment and distress, this gallant family laid aside all selfish prudence. The old chief, in spite of age and ill-health, came immediately to the wretched

Koviloor Acadamy

hut where Charles had taken refuge, bringing with him Spanish wines, provisions, shoes, and stockings. He found the young man, whom he reverenced as his rightful King, in a hut as big as, and no cleaner than, a pig-sty, haggard and worn with hardship and hunger.

"His shirt," as Dougal Graham, the servant, was quick to observe, "was as dingy as a dish-clout." That last little detail of misery appealed strongly to the womanly heart of Lady Clanranald, who immediately sent six good shirts to the Prince.

For the next three weeks Charles enjoyed a respite under the vigilant protection of Clanranald and his brother Boisdale. They found a hiding-place for him in the Forest-house of Glencoridale, a hut rather bigger and better than most. By a system of careful spies and watchers they kept the Prince informed of every movement of the enemy.

It was the month of June—June as it is in the North, when days are warm and sunny and the evening twilight is prolonged till the early dawn, and there is no night at all. South Uist, beyond all other islands of the Hebrides, abounds in game of all kinds, and the Prince was always a keen

Koviloor Acadamy

sportsman. He delighted his followers by shooting birds on the wing, he fished, and he shot red-deer on the mountains.

Once, when Ned Burke was preparing some collops from a deer the Prince had shot, a wild, starved-looking lad approached, and seeing the food, thrust his hand into the dish without either "with your leave or by your leave" and began devouring it like a savage. Ned in a rage very naturally began to beat the boy, but the gentle Prince interfered, and reminded his servant of the Christian duty of feeding the hungry, adding, "I cannot see anyone perish for lack of food or raiment if I have it in my power to help them."

Having been fed and clothed the wretched boy went off straight to a body of militia in the neighborhood and tried to betray the Prince to them. Fortunately, his appearance and manners were such that no one believed him, and he was laughed at for his pains. Out of at least a hundred souls, gentle and simple, who knew of the Prince's hiding-place, this "young Judas" was the only one who dropped the slightest hint of his whereabouts.

Koviloor Acadamy

Nor was it only among the Jacobite clans that Charles found devoted and vigilant friends. The two most powerful chiefs in the North-west of Scotland were at this time MacLeod of MacLeod and Sir Alexander Macdonald of Mugstatt, or Mouggestot, in Skye.

These two had, to the great disappointment of the Jacobites, declared for the Government, and had shown considerable zeal in trying to suppress the rising. But in the very household of Mugstatt, Charles had a romantic and zealous adherent in the person of Lady Margaret, Sir Alexander Macdonald's wife.

A daughter of the house of Eglintoun, she had been brought up in Jacobite principles, and now, in the absence of her husband, did all she could to help the Prince in his distress. Through the help of a certain Hugh Macdonald of Belshair she kept Charles informed of the enemy's movements and sent him newspapers.

Towards the end of June the Government authorities were pretty certain that the Prince was hiding somewhere in the Long Island, and attention began to be concentrated on that spot. Two

Koviloor Acadamy

more English cruisers were sent there, under Captains Scott and Fergusson, men who had learnt lessons of cruelty from the greatest master of that art, the Duke of Cumberland, and militia bands patrolled the whole island.

It was quite necessary to remove the Prince from Glencoridale, and the faithful Belshair was at once despatched by Lady Margaret to consult with Charles about his further movements. He arranged with Macdonald of Boisdale, one of the shrewdest as well as kindest of the Prince's friends, that they should meet at the Forest-house of Glencoridale.

The meeting, in spite of hardships and danger and a worse than uncertain future, was a merry one. The two Highland gentlemen dined with the Prince on "sooty beef" and apparently a plate of butter! The talk was cheerful and free.

Forgetful of the gloomy prospects of the Jacobite cause, and ignoring the victorious enemies encamped within a few miles of them, they talked hopefully of future meetings at St. James. The Prince declared that "if he had never so much ado he would be at least one night merry with his

Koviloor Acadamy

Highland friends." But St. James was far enough off from Coridale, and in the meantime it became daily more certain that there was no longer safety for the Prince in Uist.

The pleasant life in the Forest-house had to be broken up, and for the next ten weary days the little party lived in their boat, eluding as well as they could their enemies by sea and by land. Their difficulties were much increased and their spirits sadly disturbed by the fact that their generous friend Boisdale had been taken prisoner.

It is one of the most singular facts of the Prince's wanderings that as soon as he lost one helpful friend another immediately rose up to take his place. This time an ally was found literally in the enemy's camp.

One of the officers in command of the militia in Benbecula was a certain Hugh Macdonald of Armadale, in Skye, a clansman of Sir Alexander's, but, like many another Macdonald, a Jacobite at heart. It is very uncertain how far he was personally responsible for the plan that was at this time being formed for the Prince's escape. Donald MacLeod and others of the Prince's party were

Koviloor Acadamy

certain that Charles had met and talked with him at Rossinish and had presented him with his pistols.

This gentleman had a stepdaughter, Flora Macdonald, a girl of remarkable character, courage, and discretion. She generally lived with her mother at Armadale, in Skye, but just now she was paying a visit to her brother in South Uist. It is difficult to make out how or when or by whom the idea was first started that this lady should convey the Prince to Skye disguised as her servant, but it appears that she had had more than one interview with O'Neal on the subject.

On Saturday, June 21, being closely pursued by the implacable Captain Scott, Charles parted with his faithful little band of followers in Uist, paying the boatman as generously as his slender purse would allow. With two clean shirts under his arm and with only O'Neal as his companion he started for Benbecula. Arriving at midnight in a small shieling belonging to Macdonald of Milton, "by good fortune," as O'Neal puts it, "we met with Miss Flora Macdonald, whom I formerly knew."

Koviloor Acadamy

It is a little difficult to believe that young ladies of Flora's discretion were in the habit of frequenting lonely shielings far from their homes at midnight, at a time when the whole country was infested with soldiers. Nor does the beginning of her interview with O'Neal sound like the language of surprise. "Then I told her I brought a friend to see her; and she, with some emotion, asked me if it was the Prince. I answered that it was, and instantly brought him in."

Among all the stout Highland hearts which were ready to risk everything for him, Charles never found one more brave and pitiful than that of the girl who was introduced to him in this strange and perilous situation.

The plan was at once proposed to her that she should convey the Prince with her to Skye disguised as her maid. Flora was no mere romantic miss, eager for adventure and carried away by her feelings. She was quite aware of the danger she would bring on herself, and more especially on her friends, by this course.

It was with some reluctance that she at last gave her consent, but once her word was pledged she

Koviloor Acadamy

was ready to go to the death if need were, and threw all her feminine ingenuity into carrying out the scheme. They arranged that she was to go next day to consult with Lady Clanranald and to procure feminine attire as a disguise for the Prince.

As soon as all was prepared they were to meet at Rossinish in Benbecula. In the meantime O'Neal undertook to come and go between the Prince and Miss Macdonald to report progress and convey messages.

The two men seem to have returned to a hiding-place in the neighborhood of Glencoridale and Flora returned to Milton. She had to pass one of the narrow sea fords next day on her way to Ormaclade, the Clanranald's house. This ford was guarded by a body of militia, and having no passport, she and her servant, Neil MacKechan, were taken prisoners.

The situation was awkward in the extreme, and every hour's delay was an added danger. To her great relief she learned that the officer in command, who was expected that morning, was her stepfather, Hugh Macdonald.

On his arrival he was, or affected to be, ex-

Koviloor Acadamy

tremely surprised to find his stepdaughter a prisoner in the guard-room. But with a complaisance very remarkable in an officer of the Government, he drew her out passports for herself, for her servant Neil, and for a new Irish servant, Betty Burke, whom she desired to take with her to Skye. So great was Macdonald's interest in this unknown Betty that he actually wrote a letter to his wife in Skye recommending the girl.

"I have sent your daughter from this country," he wrote, "lest she should be frightened by the troops lying here. She has got one Betty Burke, an Irish girl, who, she tells me, is a good spinster. If her spinning pleases you, you may keep her till she spins all your lint."

In spite of the gravity of the situation, one cannot help thinking that Flora and her stepfather must have had a good deal of amusement concocting this circumstantial and picturesque falsehood.

As soon as she was set at liberty Flora went to Ormaclade, where Lady Clanranald entered heartily into the plan. Among her stores they chose a light colored quilted petticoat, a flowered gown, lilac flowers on a white ground, to be particular,

Koviloor Acadamy

an apron and a long duffle cloak. Fortunately Highland women are tall and large, for the Prince's height, 5 feet 10 inches, though moderate for a man, looked ungainly enough in petticoats.

It was Friday the 25th before the way was clear for Flora and Lady Clanranald to meet the Prince at the rendezvous at Rossinish in Benbecula. The four intervening days had been full of difficulties for Charles and O'Neal.

The fords between the two islands were so well guarded that there was no chance of their being able to cross them on foot. They had no boat, and the hours were passing for them in an agony of suspense. At last they risked asking a chance boat which was passing to set them across, and accomplished the passage in safety.

But when they did arrive at the hut at Rossinish, cold, wet, and wearied, they found that a party of militia were encamped within half a mile, and that the soldiers came every morning to that very hut for milk. Charles was by this time accustomed to the feeling that he was carrying his life in his hands.

At daybreak he had to leave the hut to make

Koviloor Acadamy

room for his pursuers, all day he had to lie in an unsheltered fissure of a rock, where the rain—the heavy, relentless rain of the West Highlands—poured down on him. If it did clear at all, then that other plague of the Highlands, swarms of midges, nearly drove him distracted.

On Friday the militiamen moved off, and the way being clear, Lady Clanranald, Flora Macdonald, and a certain Mrs. Macdonald of Kirkibost came to visit him and O'Neal in their hut, bringing the disguise with them. These loyal ladies found their lawful sovereign roasting a sheep's liver on a spit. But neither discomfort, danger, nor dirt could do away with the courtly charm of his manner or the fine gaiety of his address. He placed Miss Macdonald on his right hand, he always gave his preserver the seat of honor, and Lady Clanranald at his left, and the strange little dinner-party proceeded merrily.

But before it was finished a messenger broke in to tell Lady Clanranald that the infamous Captain Fergusson had arrived at Ormaclade, and was demanding the mistress of the house with angry suspicion.

Koviloor Acadamy

The Prince had now to part with O'Neal, in spite of the poor fellow's entreaties to be allowed to remain with him. Miss Macdonald had only passports for three and the danger was urgent. He was a faithful and affectionate friend, this O'Neal, if a little boastful and muddle-headed. He could shortly afterwards have escaped to France, as O'Sullivan did, in a French ship, if he had not insisted on going to Skye to try to fetch off the Prince. He missed the Prince, and fell into the hands of Captain Fergusson.

IN SKYE

ON Saturday, June 26, the Prince put on his disguise for the first time, and very strange he must have felt as he sat in flowered calico on wet, slippery rocks, trying to keep himself warm beside a fire kindled on the beach. It was eight in the evening when they started, and the storm broke on them as soon as they were out at sea.

The whole party was distressed and anxious, apparently, except Charles himself, who sang songs

Koviloor Acadamy

and told stories to keep up the spirits of his companions. Long afterwards Flora MacDonald loved to tell how chivalrously and considerately he looked after her comfort on that dangerous journey.

Going round the north end of the Isle of Skye, they came ashore close to Mugstatt, Sir Alexander Macdonald's place. That chief was himself away at Fort Augustus with the Duke of Cumberland, but his wife, Lady Margaret, who, as we have seen, was a staunch friend to the Prince, was at home.

Still in her position it was most undesirable that Charles should present himself at her house. Flora and her servant Neil went up to the house, the garden sloped down to the part of the shore where they had landed, leaving Betty Burke sitting on the boxes in her flowered gown and duffle cloak.

Miss Macdonald had good reason to congratulate herself on her prudence when she found Lady Margaret's drawing-room full of guests. Among these was Mrs. Macdonald of Kirkibost, but she was already in the secret. Mr. Macdonald of

Koviloor Acadamy

Kingsburgh was also there, but he was a man of such a chivalrous spirit and so kindly in his disposition, that the secret would have been safe with him even if he had not been, as he was, a staunch Jacobite at heart.

Far more formidable was a third guest, young Lieutenant MacLeod, a militia officer who, with a small body of men, was stationed at Mugstatt for the express purpose of examining every boat that might arrive from the Long Island. He certainly neglected this duty as far as Miss Macdonald's boat was concerned, possibly out of complaisance to her hostess, Lady Margaret, possibly because the young lady's careless demeanor disarmed all suspicion.

The situation was a most anxious one for Flora Macdonald. She had to carry on an easy flow of chat with a young officer while all the time she could think of nothing but Betty Burke sitting on her box on the shore. Every moment was precious and nothing was being done.

At last, during dinner, she managed to confide the whole situation to Kingsburgh, and while she kept the lieutenant engaged, the latter left the

Koviloor Acadamy

room and sent for Lady Margaret to speak to him on business. He was her husband's factor, and there was nothing to excite remark in his wanting a private talk with her.

On learning the news she for a moment lost her head, and screamed out that they were undone. But with much sense and kindness Kingsburgh reassured her, saying that if necessary he would take the Prince to his own house, adding, with a touch of his characteristic chivalry, that he was now an old man, and it made very little difference to him whether he should die with a halter round his neck or await a death which could not be far distant.

As for the immediate future, the first idea that occurred both to Lady Margaret and Kingsburgh was, "Let us send for Donald Roy." This Donald was a brother of the Macdonald of Belshair who had visited the Prince at Coridale. He had been "out" with the Prince's army, and was now living with a surgeon near Mugstatt, trying to recover from a serious wound in his foot received at Culloden.

Koviloor Acadamy

This Donald must have been a good fellow, popular, and liked by all. Even in those dangerous times he seems to have lived on an intimate footing with the very militia officers who were sent to search for hidden Jacobites.

No man could have been more suited for Kingsburgh's purpose than Donald. Not only was he sensible, honorable, and brave, but as an acknowledged Jacobite he had less to lose if discovered. And as a young and amiable man his person could not fail to be acceptable to the Prince.

On his arrival he found Kingsburgh and Lady Margaret walking up and down the garden. "O Donald!" cried the lady, "we are undone for ever!" After much rapid, anxious talk, the three agreed that the safest place for the Prince would be the Island of Rasay. Old Rasay had been "out" and was in hiding, his second son was recovering from a wound received at Culloden, and the eldest, though he had kept quiet from motives of prudence, was quite as keen a Jacobite as the other two.

Their eagerness to serve the Prince could be

Koviloor Acadamy

relied on. The island had been recently devastated by the Government soldiers, and it was not likely to be visited again.

Donald Roy undertook to see young MacLeod of Rasay and to make arrangements for meeting the Prince at Portree next day. And Kingsburgh promised to carry the Prince off with him to his own house and to send him next day under safe guidance to Portree. In this way, whatever happened, Lady Margaret would not be compromised.

So the garden conclave broke up, and the three separated. Lady Margaret returned to her drawing-room, where, poor woman, she sadly disconcerted Flora by nervously going in and out of the room. However, the lieutenant seems to have been too much taken up with his companion to notice his hostess' demeanor.

Donald Roy, in spite of his lame foot, set off for Portree in search of young Rasay, while old Kingsburgh hurried off to look for Charles, carrying refreshments with him. Not finding him on the shore below the garden, the old man walked on rather anxiously till, seeing some sheep running,

Koviloor Acadamy

he concluded that someone must have disturbed them, and went to the spot.

A tall, ungainly woman in a long cloak started forward to meet him brandishing a big knotted stick. As soon as Kingsburgh named himself the Prince knew that he had found a friend, and placed himself in his hands with the frank confidence he always showed in dealing with his Highland followers, a confidence which they so nobly justified.

After the Prince had had something to eat and drink, the pair set out to walk to Kingsburgh, a considerable distance off. Unfortunately it was Sunday, and they met many country people returning from church, who were all eager to have a little business chat with Sir Alexander's factor. He got rid of most of them by slyly reminding them of the sacredness of the day, for the Prince's awkward movements and masculine stride made his disguise very apparent.

"They may call you the *Pretender*," cried Kingsburgh, between annoyance and amusement, "but I never knew anyone so bad at your trade."

At the first stream they had to cross the Prince

Koviloor Acadamy

lifted his skirts with a most masculine disregard of appearances. And to mend matters, when he came to the next, let his petticoats float in the water with a most unfeminine disregard of his clothes.

Halfway on their road Flora Macdonald rode past them on horseback, accompanied by Mrs. Macdonald of Kirkibost and the latter's maid. "Look, look," cried that damsel, "what strides the jade takes! I dare say she's an Irishwoman or else a man in woman's clothes." Miss Macdonald thought it best to quicken her pace and make no reply.

She was already at Kingsburgh when the Prince and his host arrived there at about eleven o'clock. All the household were in bed. A message was sent up to Mrs. Macdonald to tell her of the arrival of guests, but she very naturally refused to get up, and merely sent her compliments to Miss Macdonald and begged she would help herself to everything she wanted.

When, however, her husband came up to her room and gravely requested her to come down and attend to his guest, she felt that something was

Koviloor Acadamy

wrong. Nor did it allay her fears when her little daughter ran up crying that "the most odd, muckle, ill-shaken-up wife" she had seen in all her life was walking up and down in the hall. Mrs. Macdonald entered the main room with some misgiving, and in the uncertain firelight saw a tall, ungainly woman striding up and down.

The figure approached her and, according to the manners of the time, saluted her. The rough touch of the unshaven lip left no doubt on the lady's mind. Her husband's guest was certainly a man in disguise, probably a proscribed Jacobite.

She hurried out of the room and met Kingsburgh in the hall. It did not occur to this good woman to upbraid her husband for bringing danger on his family. Her first question was, "Do you think the stranger will know anything about the Prince?"

"My dear," said Kingsburgh very gravely, taking her hands in his, *"this is the Prince himself!"*

"The Prince!" cried Mrs. Macdonald, rather overwhelmed. "Then we shall all be hanged!"

"We can die but once," said her husband. "Could we ever die in a better cause?"

Koviloor Acadamy

Then, returning to the homely necessities of the hour, he begged her to bring bread and cheese and eggs. Bread and cheese and eggs to set before Royalty! This disgrace to her housewifery affected Mrs. Macdonald almost as feelingly as the danger they were in.

The idea, too, of sitting down at supper with her lawful sovereign caused the simple lady the greatest embarrassment. However, she was prevailed upon to take the seat at the Prince's left hand, while Miss Macdonald had her usual place at his right.

After the ladies had retired Charles lighted his *cutty,* and he and Kingsburgh had a comfortable chat and a bowl of punch over the fire. Indeed, good food, good fires, and good company were such congenial luxuries after the life he had been leading, that Charles sat on and on in his chair, and the hospitable Kingsburgh had at last to insist upon his guest going to bed.

Hour after hour the Prince slept on next morning, Kingsburgh being unwilling to disturb the one good rest he might have for weeks, Miss Macdonald was growing impatient and Mrs. Macdon-

Koviloor Acadamy

ald anxious, and at last Kingsburgh consented to rouse him at about one o'clock. Portree was about seven miles off, and had to be reached before dark.

It was decided that the Prince might resume male attire *en route,* but in case of exciting suspicion among the servants he had still to masquerade as Betty Burke till he left the house. Mrs. Macdonald, her daughter, and Flora all came up to assist at his toilet, for "deil a preen could he put in," as his hostess expressed herself. He laughed so heartily over his own appearance that they could hardly get his dress fastened.

Before he left the room he permitted Flora Macdonald to cut off a lock of his hair, which she divided with Mrs. Macdonald. What is a still more touching proof of the devotion of these two good women is that they carefully took off the sheets of the Prince's bed, vowing that these should be neither washed nor used again till they should serve each of them as winding-sheets.

Kingsburgh accompanied his guests part of the way, assisted Charles to change his dress in a little wood, and then, with tears, bade him farewell.

Koviloor Acadamy

Flora Macdonald rode on to Portree by another road, leaving her servant, Neil MacKechan, and a little herd-boy to act as guides to the Prince.

In the meantime, Donald Roy had been active in the Prince's service. At Portree he had met young Rona MacLeod of Rasay and his brother Murdoch, and, as he had expected, found them eager to face any danger or difficulty for their Prince. They had a cousin rather older than themselves, Malcolm MacLeod, who had been a captain in the Prince's army.

He entered into the scheme as heartily as the other two, and only suggested prudently that Rona should leave the matter to himself and Murdoch, who were "already as black as black can be." But Rona was not to be balked of his share of the danger and glory of serving the Prince, and vowed that he *would* go even if it should cost him his estate and his head.

So with two stout faithful boatmen they arrived within a mile of Portree, drew up their boat among the rocks where it could be hid, and remained waiting for the Prince, while the night fell and the rain came down in sheets.

Koviloor Acadamy

It had been arranged at Mugstatt that Donald Roy was to meet the Prince late on Monday afternoon in the one public-house that Portree could boast. This public-house consisted of one large, dirty, smoky room, and people of all kinds kept going in and out, and here Donald took up his post.

Flora Macdonald was the first to arrive, and she, Donald Roy, and Malcolm MacLeod sat together over the fire waiting anxiously. It was already dark when a small, wet herd-boy slipped in and going up to Donald whispered that a gentleman wanted to see him. The poor Prince was standing in the darkness outside drenched to the skin.

As soon as they were at the inn Donald insisted on changing his clothes, and Malcolm at once gave him his own dry philibeg. Food they could get, and water was brought in an old, battered, rusty tin from which the Prince drank, being afraid of arousing suspicion by any fastidiousness. He also bought sixpennyworth of the coarsest tobacco, and nearly betrayed his quality to the already suspicious landlord by a princely indiffer-

Koviloor Acadamy

ence to his change, but Malcolm prudently secured the *bawbees* and put them into the Prince's sporran.

Flora now rose very sadly to go, as she had to continue her journey that night. The Prince kissed her and said farewell with much suppressed emotion. But with his usual hopefulness added that he trusted that they might yet meet at St. James'.

These constant partings from faithful, warm-hearted friends were among the hardest trials of Charles' wandering life. He seems to have clung with special affection to Donald Roy. He urged him again and again not to leave him, but to go with him to Rasay. Donald could only reply that the state of his wounded foot made it impossible.

This conversation took place as they plunged through wet and darkness from Portree down to the shore where the boat was lying. Malcolm MacLeod, who made a third in the little party, had a spirit as firm and a heart as warm as Donald's own, and before the end of the week the

Koviloor Acadamy

Prince was clinging with affection to this new friend.

The wild and desolate island of Rasay offered the Prince a comparatively secure hiding-place, and the three MacLeods had both the will and the power to protect him, and to provide a reasonable amount of comfort for him. But a kind of restlessness seems to have come over the Prince at this time.

It was only by being constantly on the move that he could escape from anxious and painful thoughts. Possibly he may have felt a little insecure in the midst of the Clan MacLeod, though he had met nowhere with more devotion than that of the three cousins. He certainly seems to have bestowed far more affection and confidence on Malcolm than on the other two.

On Thursday he insisted on starting for Skye, in spite of the entreaties of the young MacLeods. Nor would he turn back when a storm broke and threatened to overwhelm them. It was night before they landed at Trotternish, a night such as had become familiar to the Prince, dark and chill

Koviloor Acadamy

and pouring with rain. They made for a byre on the property of Mr. Nicholson of Scorobeck. Young Rasay went on in front to see that no one was there.

"If there had been anyone in it, what would you have done?" he asked the Prince rather reproachfully. Charles' self-will and foolhardiness must at times have been very trying to those who were risking life and estate for him. In the byre they lighted a fire, dried their clothes, and slept for some hours.

The next day, Rona being away, the Prince asked Murdoch if he would accompany him into the country of the Mackinnons in the south of Skye. The old chief of that clan had been in the Prince's army, and Charles felt that he would be safe amongst them. Murdoch's wound prevented his undertaking such a journey, it was thirty miles over the wildest part of Skye, but Malcolm could go. And his cousin assured the Prince that he could nowhere find a more faithful and devoted servant.

So the pair set out in the morning for their wild tramp. To prevent discovery the Prince affected

Koviloor Acadamy

to be Malcolm's servant, walked behind him, and, further to disguise himself, put his periwig in his pocket and bound a dirty cloth round his head, a disguise, one would think, specially to excite attention. The two young men talked frankly and confidentially, making great strides in friendship as they went along.

Once a covey of partridges rose, and, with an instinct for sport at all hazards, the Prince raised his gun and would have fired if Malcolm had not caught his arm. They were careful to pass through the hostile MacLeod country at night, and at break of day arrived in Strath, the country of the Mackinnons.

Malcolm MacLeod had a sister married to a Mackinnon, an honest, warm-hearted fellow who had followed his chief and served as captain in the Prince's army. To his house they directed their steps. Mackinnon himself was away, but his wife received her brother and his friend with the utmost kindness.

The Prince passed for a certain Lewis Caw, a surgeon's apprentice, who was actually "skulking" in Skye at the time, and acted his part of humble

Koviloor Acadamy

retainer so well that poor Malcolm was quite embarrassed. And the rough servant-lass treated him with the contempt Highland servants seem to have for their own class, if "Lowland bodies." Both the tired travellers lay down to sleep, and when Malcolm awoke late in the afternoon he found the sweet-tempered Prince playing with Mrs. Mackinnon's little child.

"Ah, little man," he cried, in a moment of forgetfulness, "you may live to be a captain in my service yet."

"Or you an old sergeant in his," said the indignant nurse, jealous of her charge's position.

Next day Malcolm went out to meet his brother-in-law. He had absolute confidence in Mackinnon's faithfulness and loyalty, but he feared that his warm-hearted feelings might lead him into indiscretions which would betray the Prince. And in spite of all warnings Mackinnon could not restrain his tears when he saw his Prince under his roof in such a wretched plight.

It was important that Charles should be at once taken to the mainland, and John Mackinnon went off at noon to the house of the chief of the Mackin-

Koviloor Acadamy

nons to borrow a boat. This old man was a fine type of a Highland gentleman. It was his daily, probably his only, prayer that he might die on the field of battle fighting for his king and country. He was simple-minded, brave, and faithful, and though now between sixty and seventy, as active and courageous as any young man.

John had received injunctions not to betray the Prince's presence in the neighborhood to the laird, but to keep such a piece of news from his chief was quite beyond honest John's powers. Nothing would restrain the old man from going off at once with his wife to pay their homage to the Prince. Nor would he hear of anyone conducting Charles to the mainland but himself.

At eight o'clock that night the little party embarked. The Prince took a most affecting farewell of Malcolm MacLeod. With courtly punctilio he sent a note to Donald Roy to tell him of his safe departure. Then he pressed ten guineas, almost his last, on his friend's acceptance, smoked a last pipe with him, and finally presented him with the invaluable *cutty*.

Koviloor Acadamy

ON THE MAINLAND

To understand the Prince's proceedings for the next few weeks it is necessary to have a clear idea of the country which was the scene of his wanderings. From Loch Hourn, which opens opposite Sleat in Skye, on the north down to Loch Shiel on the south a little group of wild and rugged peninsulas run out into the Atlantic, called respectively Knoydart, Morar, Arisaig, and Moidart. Between these, deep narrow lochs run far inland. Loch Nevis lies between Knoydart and Morar. Loch Morar, a freshwater loch, cuts off the peninsula of the same name from Arisaig, and this again is separated from Moidart by Lochs Nanuagh and Aylort. Loch Shiel separates the whole group from Ardnamurchan in the south.

The wild, inaccessible nature of the country, the deep valleys and many rocky hollows in the hills offered hiding-places. But a glance at the map will show that a vigilant enemy by stationing men of war in all the lochs and drawing a cordon of soldiers from the head of Loch Hourn to the head

Koviloor Acadamy

of Loch Shiel, could draw the net so tightly that escape would be nearly impossible.

In these first days of July, however, the search was still chiefly confined to the Long Island and Skye, and Charles got a clear start of his enemies. On July 5, in the early morning he and his faithful Mackinnons landed at a place named Mallach on Loch Nevis. Here they spent the next three days in the open.

They were in a good deal of perplexity as to their next movements. And when Charles learned that old Clanranald was staying in the neighborhood at the home of his kinsman Scothouse, he sent to ask his advice and help, expecting confidently to find the old faithful kindness that had helped him in Uist.

But the old gentleman had had enough of danger and suffering in the Prince's cause. His son was a fugitive, his brother a prisoner, he himself was in hiding. The sudden appearance of Mackinnon startled him into a state of nervous terror, and he declared querulously that he could do no more nor knew any-one else who could give any help. . Mackinnon returned indignant and morti-

Koviloor Acadamy

fied, but the Prince received the news philosophically:

"Well, Mr. Mackinnon, we must do the best we can for ourselves."

It was the first rebuff he had met with. But a day or two later he found the same lukewarm spirit in Macdonald of Morar, a former friend. The poor man's house had been burnt over his head and he was living with his family in a wretched hut. Probably he thought that he had suffered enough for the cause. This desertion cut the Prince to the quick.

"I hope, Mackinnon," he cried, addressing John, "that you will not desert me too."

The old chief thought that the words were addressed to him.

"I will never leave your Royal Highness in the hour of danger," he declared, with tears, and John's reply was no less fervent.

There was one house in the neighborhood where the Prince could always count on a welcome whether he came at midnight, at cockcrow, or at noon, whether as a Prince on his way to win a crown or as a beggar with neither home nor hope.

Koviloor Acadamy

The hospitable house of Borodale was a mass of blackened ruins, but the laird, "my kind old landlord," as the Prince fondly called him, and his two sons had still strong hands, shrewd heads, and warm hearts ready for the Prince's service.

From Morar the Prince and the two Mackinnons walked through the summer night over the wildest mountain track and arrived at Borodale in the early morning. Old Angus was still in bed when they knocked at the door of the bothy where the family was living. He came to the door, wrapt in his blanket. When Mackinnon explained who it was that desired his hospitality, the old man's welcome came prompt and unhesitatingly.

"I have brought him here," said Mackinnon, "and will commit him to your charge. I have done my duty, do you do yours."

"I am glad of it," said Angus, "and shall not fail to take care of him. I shall lodge him so securely that all the forces in Great Britain shall not find him."

So John Mackinnon, having done all he could, parted from the Prince with the same affection-

Koviloor Acadamy

ate sorrow that had marked the farewells of all his faithful Highlanders. He was caught on his return to Skye by the cruel Captain Scott, and five days later was brought back to Lochnanuagh, a prisoner on board an English man-of-war.

Opposite the place where the ship cast anchor was a fissure in the rock, and halfway up was what looked like a mere grassy bank. In reality it was a small hut roofed with sods, so contrived that no one unless he were in the secret would have suspected it of being anything but a grassy slope. Here the Prince had spent the preceding night. But as soon as the ship entered the loch he betook himself to the hills. He was accompanied by old Borodale and his son John, the young man who had been supposed to have died at Culloden.

A cousin of Borodale's, Macdonald of Glenaladale, had always been a special friend of the Prince. He joined him now in the wilds, resolved to share all his worst dangers, though he had to leave his wife and "five weak, pretty children" unprotected and living in a bothy, the only home the English soldiers had left them.

The first plan these brave men concerted to-

Koviloor Acadamy

gether was to carry the Prince into Lochiel's country, where young Clanranald had promised to provide him a hiding-place. On their way, however, they heard that a body of soldiers were approaching from Loch Arkaig, which completely blocked their way on that side. That same night old Borodale learnt that General Campbell with several ships was in Loch Nevis. Captain Scott was still in Lochnanuagh and parties from these ships were searching every foot of the ground in their neighborhoods. At the same time troops had been landed at the head of Loch Hourn, and others simultaneously at the head of Loch Shiel.

Between these two points the distance as the crow flies must be some twenty or five-and-twenty miles, but the wild mountainous nature of the country makes the actual distance far greater: In spite of all difficulties the Government troops in a few days had drawn a complete cordon from one point to the other.

This cordon consisted of single sentinels planted within sight of each other who permitted no one to pass unchallenged. At night large fires were lighted, and every quarter of an hour patrolling

Koviloor Acadamy

parties passed from one to the other to see that all the sentinels were on the alert.

Charles's case was almost desperate. For several days he and his companions lived like hunted animals on the mountain-tops. They were frequently within sight of some camp of the enemy. More than once they had to go precipitately down one side of a hill because the soldiers were coming up the other. They changed their quarters at night, sometimes marching long miles merely to reach some mountain which having been searched the day before was less likely to be visited again.

In the daytime the Prince could snatch a few hours of troubled sleep in some rocky hollow while the rest of the party kept guard. News of the enemy's movements was brought them occasionally by secret friends under cover of darkness, but even their approach was full of terror for the fugitives. Worst of all was their suffering from hunger.

The soldiers devoured and destroyed what meagre stores the country could boast, and in spite of the generosity of the poorer clansmen no food

Koviloor Acadamy

could be had. For four days the whole party lived on a few handfuls of dry meal and some butter.

On one occasion soldiers passed below their lair driving cattle. The Prince, who was starving, proposed to follow them, and "lift" some of the cattle in the night. His companions remonstrated, but he led the party himself, and secured the beef.[1]

The guide, and indeed the leader of the little band, was a farmer, Donald Cameron of Glenpean. But for this man's daring courage and his intimate knowledge of the country the Prince must sooner or later have fallen into the hands of his enemies.

The circle was daily being drawn more closely round the prey. Daily the fear of starvation stared them in the face. Should they wait to die like driven deer or make one desperate effort to break through the toils that surrounded them, and either escape or die like men? For brave men

[1] The authority for this is an unpublished anecdote in Bishop Forbes's MS., "The Lyon in Mourning."

Koviloor Acadamy

there could only be one answer to such a question. On the night of July 25 they determined to force their way through the cordon.

All that day the Prince had lain in closest hiding on a hill on the confines of Knoydart, not a mile from the chain of sentinels. He had slept some hours while two of the party had kept watch and the other two had foraged for food, bringing back two dry cheeses as the result. Old Borodale had gone back at this time. The party consisted of his son John, Glenaladale and his brother, and Cameron of Glenpean.

All day parties of soldiers had been searching the neighborhood, and now the sentinel fires were alight all along the line of defence. At nightfall the little band started, walking silently and rapidly up a mountain called Drumnachosi. The way was very steep, and the night very dark.

Once crossing a little stream the Prince's foot slipped, he stumbled, and would have fallen down over a cliff had not Cameron caught one arm and Glenaladale the other and pulled him up. From the top of the hill they could see the sentinel fires close in front of them, and were near enough to

Koviloor Acadamy

THE PRINCE'S FOOT SLIPPED, HE STUMBLED, AND WOULD HAVE FALLEN

Koviloor Acadamy

hear the voices of the soldiers quite distinctly. Under cover of the friendly darkness they crept up another hill and came out opposite another fire.

At a point midway between these two posts a mountain torrent had made a deep fissure on the side of a hill on the further side. Could they break through the line and reach this river-bed the overhanging banks, aided by the darkness of night, would conceal their figures. And following the stream they could cross over into wild broken country, where they could hide themselves.

Donald Cameron, with a fine Highland gallantry, undertook to make trial of the way first. If he could reach the spot and return again to report "all safe," the rest of the party might make the attempt. It had all to be done in a quarter of an hour, for that was the interval at which the patrolling parties succeeded each other.

In dead silence they waited till the sentinels had passed. Then as stealthily and rapidly as a cat Cameron slipped down the hillside and disappeared into the darkness. The rest stood breathless, straining every nerve for the faintest sound. No footfall or falling pebble broke the stillness,

Koviloor Acadamy

and in a few long, heavily-weighted minutes Cameron returned and whispered that all was well.

It was two o'clock now and the darkness was growing thinner. They waited till the sentries had crossed again and had now their backs to the passage, then they all moved forward in perfect silence.

Reaching the torrent, they sank on all fours and one after the other crept up the rocky bed without a sound. The dreaded cordon was passed, and in a short time they reached a place where they were completely hidden and could take a little much-needed rest.

Once clear of this chain of their enemies they turned northward to the Glenelg country. Their plan was to go through the Mackenzie's country to Poole Ewe, where they hoped to find a French vessel. But the next day they learned from a wayfaring man that the only French ship which had been there had left the coast. Seeing that their plan was fruitless, their next idea was to move eastward into the wilds of Inverness and wait there

Koviloor Acadamy

till the way should be clear for the Prince to join Lochiel in Badenoch.

In Glen Sheil they parted with Cameron of Glenpean, and here too they had a curious adventure which might have proved seriously inconvenient to them. They had spent a whole hot August day hiding behind some rocks on a bare hillside. The midges had tormented them, and they were oppressed with thirst, but had not ventured from their hiding-place even to look for water.

At sunset a boy appeared bringing quarts of goat's milk. He was the son of a certain Macraw, a staunch though secret friend in the neighborhood. Glenaladale at this time carried the fortune of the little party, some forty gold louis and a few shillings, in his sporran. He paid the lad for the milk, and in his hurry did not notice that he had dropped his purse.

They had hardly gone an English mile before the loss was discovered and Glenaladale insisted at all risks on going back to look for the purse. He and his cousin did indeed find it lying at the

Koviloor Acadamy

expected place. But though some shillings remained the louis were gone. It was midnight before the indignant pair reached Macraw's house, and the family were all asleep. They roused the master, however, and fairly told him what had happened.

No shadow of doubt seems to have crossed the father's mind, no word of expostulation rose to his lips. Without a moment's delay he returned to the house, got hold of a rope hanging there, and gripped his son by the arm in great passion, saying:

"You damned scoundrel, this instant get these poor gentlemen's money, or by the heavens I'll hang you to that very tree you see there."

The boy, shivering with fear, went instantly for the money, which he had buried underground thirty yards from his father's house. This accident turned out most luckily for the Prince. He and Glenaladale's brother while awaiting the other two had hidden behind some rocks. Shortly after they were hidden they saw an officer and two soldiers coming along the very path they had intended to take. But for the delay caused by their

Koviloor Acadamy

companions going back they must have fallen into the hands of their enemies.

They now turned eastward, and after a long night's march found themselves in the wild tract of country called the Braes of Glenmoriston. Here Charles was to find a new set of friends, different indeed from the chivalrous Kingsburgh and the high-bred Lady Margaret, but men who were as staunch and incorruptible as any of his former friends.

These were the famous "Seven Men of Glenmoriston;" men who had served in the Prince's army, and who now lived a wild, lawless life among the mountains, at feud with everything that represented the existing law and order. They have been described as a robber band, but that title is misleading. They were rather a small remnant of irreconcilable rebels who had vowed undying enmity and revenge against Cumberland and his soldiers.

And indeed there was ample excuse for their hatred and violence in the cruelties they saw practiced all round them. Sixty of their clansmen after surrendering themselves had been shipped

Koviloor Acadamy

off to the colonies. All their own possessions and those of their neighbors had been seized, and friends and kinsfolk had been brutally put to death.

Swooping down like mountain eagles on detached bands of soldiers, these seven men wreaked instant vengeance on oppressors and informers, and carried off arms and baggage in the face of larger bodies of the enemy. To these men, ignorant, reckless, and lawless, Charles unhesitatingly confided his person, a person on whose head a sum of thirty thousand pounds was set.

Four of these men were in a cave, Coraghoth, in the Braes of Glenmoriston, when Glenaladale brought Charles to see them. They had expected to see young Clanranald, and as soon as they saw the Prince one of their number recognized him, but had the presence of mind to address him as an old acquaintance by the name of "MacCullony."

When the four knew who their guest really was, they bound themselves to be faithful to him by the dreadful Highland oath, praying "that their backs might be to God, and their faces to the devil, and

Koviloor Acadamy

that all the curses the Scriptures do pronounce might come upon them and their posterity if they did not stand firm to the Prince in the greatest danger."

For about three weeks Charles shared the life of these outlaws, sleeping in caves and holes of the earth, living on the wild deer of their shooting and the secret gifts of the peasantry. They did not understand his English, but the Prince was beginning to pick up a little Gaelic. He was able at least to improve their cooking and reprove their swearing, two services they liked afterwards to recall. Here too, as elsewhere on his wanderings, the Prince gained the hearts of all his followers by his gracious gaiety and plucky endurance of hardships.

In the beginning of August his hopes had again turned to Poole Ewe. But learning for a second time that no French ship could land on the closely guarded coast, he and his friends determined to remain in the northern straths of Iverness-shire till the Government troops should withdraw from the Great Glen, the chain of lakes which now

Koviloor Acadamy

forms the Caledonian Canal, and thus leave the way clear into Badenoch, where Lochiel and Macpherson of Cluny were hiding.

A curious incident is supposed to have helped the Prince at this time. There had been among his Life Guards a handsome youth named Roderick Mackenzie, son of a jeweller in Edinburgh, who in face and figure was startlingly like the Prince.

This lad was actually "skulking" among the Braes of Glenmoriston at the time when the Prince was surrounded in Knoydart. A party of soldiers tracked him to a hut, which they surrounded. Flight was impossible, and the poor boy stood at bay. As he fell beneath their sword-thrusts he cried out, "Villains, ye have slain your King."

Whether these words were a curious last flash of vanity, or whether he intended to serve the Prince by a generous act of imposture, can never be known. The soldiers at any rate believed that they had secured the prize. They carried off Mackenzie's head with them to Fort Augustus, and the authorities seem for some time to have been under the impression that it was indeed that

Koviloor Acadamy

of the Prince. Possibly it was owing to this that in the middle of August the Government rather relaxed their vigilance along the Great Glen.

Charles was eager to press at once into Badenoch, but the wary outlaws would only consent to taking him to the Lochiel country, between Loch Arkaig, Loch Lochy, and Loch Garry. They travelled chiefly by night. The season was very wet, and the rivers were in flood. They had to cross the River Garry Highland fashion in a line, with each man's arm on his neighbor's shoulder, for the water was running breast-high.

At this time the Prince's condition was as bad as at any period of his wanderings. His clothes were of the coarsest, and were in rags. Lady Clanranald's six good shirts had long since disappeared. It was as much as he could do to have a clean shirt once a fortnight. The provisions they carried were reduced to one peck of meal. In this state did the Prince arrive in the familiar country around Loch Arkaig.

It was a year almost to the day since he had passed through that very country elate and hopeful at the head of his brave Macdonalds and Cam-

Koviloor Acadamy

erons. He was now a fugitive, ill-fed, ill-clad, with a price on his head. The only thing that was unchanged was the faithful devotion of his Highlanders.

Cameron of Clunes and Macdonald of Lochgarry, or Lochgarie, though they were themselves "skulking," received the Prince with the utmost kindness and found a hiding-place for him in a hut in a wood at the south side of Loch Arkaig. Here the outlaws left him. Only one of their number, Patrick Grant, remained till the Prince should be supplied with money to reward their faithful service. From this place, also, John Macdonald and Glenaladale's brother returned to the coast, where they were to keep a careful look-out and to send the Prince news of any French ship which might appear. Glenaladale still remained, but the Prince's thoughts were turning more and more towards Badenoch, where his friend Lochiel was in comparatively secure hiding.

Among all the gallant gentlemen who risked life and estate in this rising there is no figure more attractive than that of the "Gentle Lochiel." He

Koviloor Acadamy

had for years before the rebellion been the mainstay of the Jacobite party.

No man in the Highlands carried so much weight as he, partly from his position, but more from his talents and the charm of his character. "Wise" and "gentle" are the words that were applied to him, and with all the qualities of a high-bred gentleman he combined the simpler virtues of the Highland clansman, faithfulness, courage, and a jealous sense of personal honor.

From the very beginning he had seen the folly of the rising. But when he had failed to convince Charles of its hopelessness, he had thrown himself into the movement as if it had been of his own devising. Never did he afterwards reproach Charles by word or look for the ill-fated result.

He and his cousin, Macpherson of Cluny, were at this time hiding among the recesses of Benalder. The road to Inverness ran by within a few miles, and at a little distance lay Lord Loudoun's camp. But so great was the devotion of the clansmen, so admirable their caution and secrecy, that the English commander had not the slightest suspicion that the two most important Jacobite fugi-

Koviloor Acadamy

tives had for three months been in hiding so near to him.

Lochiel had been wounded in the feet at Culloden, and his lameness as well as his dangerous position prevented his going to look for the Prince. He had two brothers, one a doctor and the other a clergyman, both accomplished and bold men, who had also been involved in the Jacobite rebellion.

Towards the end of August, news having come to Benalder that the Prince was living near Auchnacarry under the protection of Cameron of Clunes, the two Cameron brothers set off secretly for that country. The Prince with a son of Clunes and the faithful outlaw Patrick Grant were at this time living in a hut in a wood close to Loch Arkaig.

It was early on the morning of August 25, the Prince and young Clunes were asleep in the hut, while Patrick Grant kept watch. He must have got drowsy, for waking with a start he saw a party of men approaching. He rushed into the hut and roused the Prince and his companion.

Charles had long lived in expectation of such

Koviloor Acadamy

moments. He kept his presence of mind completely, decided that it was too late to fly, and prepared to defend himself. The fowling-pieces were loaded and got into position, and they very nearly received their friends with a volley. Dr. Cameron in his narrative describes the Prince's appearance thus:

"He was barefoot, had an old black kilt coat on and philibeg and waistcoat, a dirty shirt and a long red beard, a gun in his hand and a pistol and dirk at his side; still he was very cheerful and in good health."

Another week they all waited in the neighborhood of Auchnacarry, the ruined home of the Lochiels. At last a message reached them from Benalder that the passes were free and that they might safely try to join Lochiel. Having parted with his devoted friend Glenaladale, who returned to the coast, the Prince, with Dr. Cameron and Lochgarry, arrived on August 30 at Mellaneuir, at the foot of Benalder.

People in hiding have no means of distinguishing their friends from their enemies at a little distance. Lochiel seeing a considerable party ap-

Koviloor Acadamy

proaching believed that he was discovered and determined to make a good fight for it. He as narrowly missed shooting Charles as Charles had missed shooting Dr. Cameron the week before. When, however, he recognized the figure in the coarse coat, the shabby kilt, and the rough red beard, he hobbled to the door and wanted to received the Prince on his knees.

"My dear Lochiel," remonstrated Charles as he embraced him, "you don't know who may be looking down from these hills."

In the hut there was a sufficiency of mutton, beef sausages, bacon, butter, cheese, etc. and an anker of whisky. The Prince was almost overwhelmed by such an excess of luxury.

"Now, gentlemen," he said with a cheerful air, "now I live *like a Prince.*"

Charles's wardrobe was as usual most dilapidated, and Cluny's three sisters at once set to work to make him six shirts with their own fair hands, doubtless sewing the most passionate loyalty and infinite regret into their seams.

The hiding-place where the Prince was now concealed was a very curious hut contrived by

Koviloor Acadamy

Cluny in one of the inmost recesses of the hills. It was called "The Cage," and was placed in a little thicket on the rocky slope of a hill. The walls were formed by growing trees with stakes planted between them, the whole woven together by ropes of heather and birch.

Till you were close to the hut it looked merely like a thick clump of trees and bushes. The smoke escaped along the rocks, and the stone being of a bluish color it could easily pass unnoticed. This hut could only hold six persons at a time, so the party generally divided in this way, one man cooked the food, four played cards, and the last man looked on at the others and possibly smoked!

Probably they played cards and talked and jested over the daily needs and hardships, and spoke little of the disastrous times that lay behind them, or the doubtful hopes that lay before them. Fearing lest the Prince might have to remain in hiding all winter the ingenious Cluny began to fit up a subterranean dwelling, thickly boarded up, where the party would have been in safety and shelter.

But in the meantime no efforts were lacking to

Koviloor Acadamy

find a means of escape. Lochiel's brother, the clergyman, a man of great prudence, went secretly to Edinburgh, and there procured a ship and sent it round to a port on the East coast to await the Prince.

Succor, however, had come from another quarter. It was known to the Prince and his followers that a certain Colonel Warren was fitting out a couple of ships in France for the purpose of bringing off the Prince, and daily they expected news of their arrival. On September 6 two ships, *L'Heureux* and *La Princesse,* appeared at Lochnanuagh.

Old Borodale and his two sons immediately fled to the hills, leaving a faithful servant to find out and report to them who the strangers might be. After nightfall, twelve French officers came to the hut where they were hiding and told their errand. Information was at once sent to Glenaladale, who undertook to go to Auchnacarry and send on the news through Cameron of Clunes, he himself not knowing where the Prince was hiding.

Any delay, even of a few hours, might be fatal, as the presence of the French ships must sooner or later become known to the authorities at Fort Au-

Koviloor Acadamy

gustus. To his dismay Glenaladale failed to find Clunes. Only by an accident he met with an old woman who directed him to the place where the latter was hiding. A messenger was at once despatched, and he, happening by a curious chance to meet with Cluny and Dr. Cameron on a dark night in Badenoch, gave them his message, and an express was at once sent to the Cage.

On September 13, at one in the morning, the party, which now included Cluny, Lochiel, Macpherson of Breakachie, and some others of the Prince's more important followers, set off for the coast. They travelled by night, remaining in concealment by day, but so lonely was the country, so recklessly high were the Prince's spirits, that one whole day he amused himself by flinging up caps into the air and shooting at them.

Again he passed through the well-known country round Loch Arkaig, past Auchnacarry, the home of the Lochiels, which was lying in ruins, over the rugged hills where he had been hunted like a wild creature a few weeks before, down to the familiar waters of Lochnanuagh, back to the warm-hearted household of Borodale.

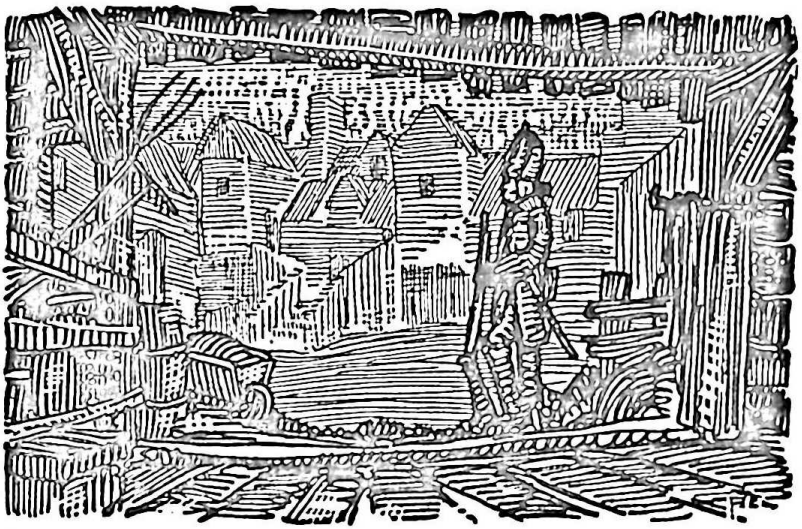
Koviloor Acadamy

A considerable number of Jacobite gentlemen who had lain for months in hiding had been drawn to Lochnanuagh by the report of the landing of the French ships. Amongst these were young Clanranald Glenaladale, and Macdonald of Daleby. On the Prince's ship there sailed with him Lochgarry, John Roy Stuart, Dr. Cameron, and Lochiel.

"The gentlemen as well as commons were seen to weep, though they boasted of being soon back with an irresistible force," says the newspaper of the day. For the greater part they never came back, never saw again the homes they loved so well. Most were to spend a life of hope deferred and of desperate longings for home, as dependents on a foreign Court. Dr. Cameron was ten years later taken prisoner in London and executed, the last man who suffered as a rebel. Lochiel died two years after he left Scotland, a heart-broken exile.

"Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him; but weep sore for him that goeth away, for he shall return no more nor see his native country."

Koviloor Acadamy



THE ADVENTURES OF LORD PITSLIGO

WHEN Prince Charles came to Scotland in 1745, to seek his grandfather's crown, no braver and no better man rode with him than Lord Pitsligo. He was now sixty-seven years of age, for he was born in 1678, ten years before James II was driven out of England.

As a young man he had lived much in France, where he became the friend of the famous Fénelon, author of "Télémaque." Though much in-

Koviloor Acadamy

terested in the doctrines of Fénelon, Lord Pitsligo did not change his faith, but remained a member of the persecuted Episcopal Church of Scotland. In France he met the members of the exiled Royal family, whom he never ceased to regard as his lawful monarchs, though Queen Anne, and later the First and Second Georges, occupied the throne of England.

When the clans rose for King James, the son of James II, in 1715, Lord Pitsligo, then a man of twenty-seven, joined the forces under his kinsman, Lord Marr. His party was defeated, and he went abroad. He did not stay long with James in Rome, but was allowed to return to his estates in Scotland. Here he lived very quietly, beloved by rich and poor.

But, in 1745, Prince Charles landed, and the old Lord believed it to be his duty to join him. He had, as he says, no keen enthusiasm for the Stuarts, but to his mind they were his lawful rulers. So aged was he, and so infirm, that, when he left a neighbor's house before setting out, a little boy brought a stool to help him to mount his horse.

"My little fellow," he said, "this is the severest

Koviloor Acadamy

reproof I have yet met with, for presuming to go on such an expedition."

Lady Pitsligo in vain reminded him of the failure of 1715.

"There never was a bridal," he replied, "but the second day was the best."

The gentlemen of his county thought that they could not do wrong in following so learned and excellent a man, so they all mounted the white cockade and rode with him. He arrived just too late for the victory of Prestonpans. "It seemed," said an eye-witness, "as if religion, virtue, and justice were entering the camp under the appearance of this venerable old man."

When he wrote home, he said, "I had occasion to discover the Prince's humanity, I ought to say tenderness. This is giving myself no great airs, for he showed the same dispositions to everybody." In the fatigues of the campaign, the Prince, who was young and strong, insisted on Lord Pitsligo's using his carriage, while he himself marched on foot at the head of his army.

After the defeat of Culloden, Lord Pitsligo hid among the mountains, living on oatmeal, moistened

Koviloor Acadamy

with hot water. They had not even salt to their brose; for, as one of the Highlanders said, "Salt is touchy," meaning expensive.

Yet these men, who could not even buy salt, never betrayed their Prince for the great reward of thirty thousand pounds, nor any of the other gentlemen in hiding. Possibly they did not believe that there was so much money in the world. Lord Pitsligo had made up his mind not to go abroad again, but to live or die among his own people.

At one time he lay for days hidden in a damp hole under a little bridge, and at other times concealed himself in the mosses and moors. Here the lapwings, flitting and crying above him, were like to have drawn the English soldiers to his retreat. His wife gave him two great bags, like those which beggars carried. In these he would place the alms which were given to him, and in this disguise he had many narrow escapes.

Once he saw some dragoons on the road behind him, but he was too old and too ill to run. He was obliged to sit down and cough, and one of the dragoons who were in search of him actually gave

Koviloor Acadamy

him some money as they passed by, and condoled with him on the severity of his cough.

Lord Pitsligo often hid in a cave on the coast of Buchan. Here was a spring of water welling through the rock, and he carved a little cistern for it, to pass the time. He was fed by a little girl, too young to be suspected, who carried his meals from a neighboring farm.

One day he was sitting in the kitchen of the farm, when some soldiers came in, and asked the goodwife to guide them to Lord Pitsligo's cave. She said, "That travelling body will go with you," and Lord Pitsligo conducted the soldiers to his hiding place, left them there, and walked back to the farm. But the following adventure was perhaps his narrowest escape.

In March 1756, and of course long after all apprehension of a search had ceased, information was given to the then commanding officer at Fraserburgh, that Lord Pitsligo was at that moment in the house of Auchiries. It was acted upon with so much promptness and secrecy, that the search must have proved successful but for a very singular occurrence.

Koviloor Acadamy

Mrs. Sophia Donaldson, a lady who lived much with the family, repeatedly dreamt on that particular night that the house was surrounded by soldiers. Her mind became so haunted with the idea, that she got out of bed, and walked through the room in hopes of giving a different current to her thoughts before she lay down again. Day beginning to dawn, she accidentally looked out of the window as she passed it in traversing the room, and was astonished to see the figures of soldiers among some trees near the house.

So completely had all idea of a search been by that time laid asleep, that she supposed they had come to steal poultry. Jacobite poultry-yards afforded a safe object of pillage for the English soldiers in those days. Under this impression, Mrs. Sophia was proceeding to rouse the servants, when her sister awoke, and being told of soldiers near the house, exclaimed, in great alarm, that she feared they wanted something more than hens. She begged Mrs. Sophia to look out at a window on the other side of the house, when not only soldiers were seen in that direction, but also an officer giving instructions by signals, and frequently put-

Koviloor Acadamy

ting his fingers on his lips, as if enjoining silence.

There was now no time to be lost in rousing the family, and all the haste that could be made was scarcely sufficient before the soldiers obtained admission to hurry the venerable man from his bed and into a small recess behind the wainscot of an adjoining room. This was concealed by a bed, in which a lady, Miss Gordon of Towie, who was there on a visit, lay. A most minute search took place. The room in which Lord Pitsligo was concealed did not escape. Miss Gordon's bed was carefully examined, and she was obliged to suffer the rude scrutiny of one of the party, who felt her chin, to ascertain that she was not a man in a lady's night-dress.

Before the soldiers had finished their examination in this room, the confinement and anxiety increased Lord Pitsligo's asthma. His breathing became so loud, that it obliged Miss Gordon, lying in bed, to counterfeit and continue a violent coughing, in order to prevent the high breathing behind the wainscot from being heard. It may easily be conceived what agony she would suffer, lest by overdoing her part, she should increase suspicion,

Koviloor Acadamy

and in fact lead to a discovery. The ruse was fortunately successful.

When the search through the house was over, Lord Pitsligo was hastily taken from his confined situation, and again placed in bed. As soon as he was able to speak, his accustomed kindness of heart made him say to his servant:

"James, go and see that these poor fellows get some breakfast, and a drink of warm ale, for this is a cold morning; they are only doing their duty, and cannot bear me any ill-will." When the family were felicitating each other on his escape he pleasantly observed, "A poor prize had they obtained it—an old dying man!"

That the friends who lived in the house, the hourly witnesses of his virtues, and the objects of his regard, who saw him escape all the dangers that surrounded him, should reckon him the peculiar care of Providence, is not to be wondered at. And that the dream which was so opportune, as the means of preventing his apprehension, and probably of saving his life, was supposed by some of them at least to be a special interposition of Heaven's protecting shield against his enemies,

Koviloor Acadamy

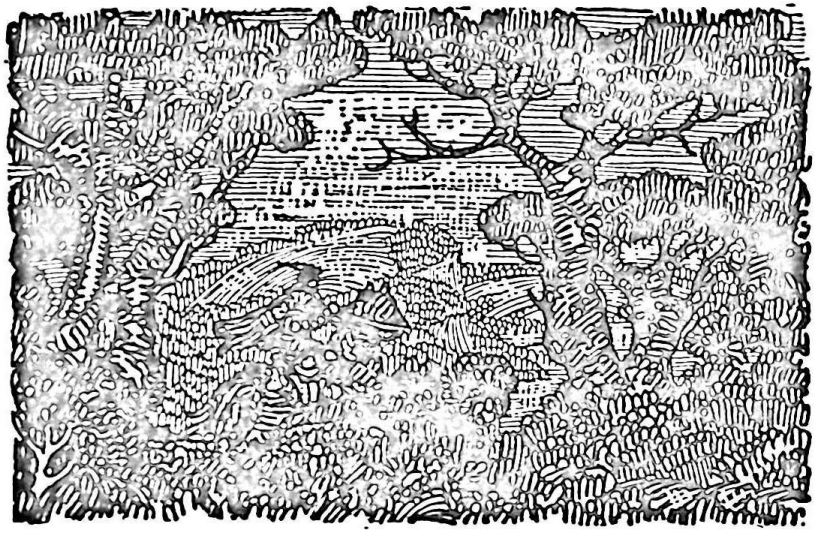
THEY HURRIED THE VENERABLE MAN FROM HIS BED

Koviloor Acadamy

need not excite surprise. This was accordingly the belief of more than one to their dying hour.

After some fifteen years, the English Government ceased to think Lord Pitsligo dangerous. He was allowed to live unmolested at the house of his son, where he died in 1762, in his eighty-fifth year. "He was never heard to speak an ill word of any man living," says one who knew him well, and who himself spoke many ill words of others. Lord Pitsligo left a little book of "Thoughts on Sacred Things," which reminds those who read it of the meditations of General Gordon. His character, as far as its virtues went, is copied in the Baron Bradwardine, in Sir Walter Scott's novel of "Waverley."

Koviloor Acadamy



THE CHEVALIER JOHNSTONE'S ESCAPE FROM CULLODEN

THE Chevalier Johnstone, or *de* Johnstone, as he preferred to call himself, was closely connected with the Highland army, hastily collected in 1745 for the purpose of restoring Charles Edward to his grandfather's throne. He was aide-de-camp to Lord George Murray, Generalissimo to the little force, and seems to have known enough of warfare to be capable of appre-

Koviloor Acadamy

ciating his commander's skill. He was also a captain in the regiment of the Duke of Perth, and later, when the petals of the White Rose were trampled under foot, he became an officer in the French service.

From his position, therefore, he was peculiarly fitted to tell the tale of those two eventful years, 1745 and 1746. Though only the son of a merchant, Johnstone was well connected, and, like many Scottish gentlemen of that day, had been bred in loyalty to the Jacobite cause.

He was one of the first to join the Prince when he reached Perth, and it was from the Prince himself that he received his company, after the fight at Prestonpans. His life was all romance, but the part on which it is our present purpose to dwell is the account he has left in his memoirs of his escape from the field of Culloden, and the terrible sufferings he went through for some months, till he finally made his way safely to Holland.

"The battle of Culloden," he says, "was lost rather by a series of mistakes on our part than by any skilful manœuvre of the Duke of Cumberland," and every Scot in arms knew too well the

Koviloor Acadamy

doom that awaited him at the "Butcher's" hands. The half-starved Highlanders were no match for the well-fed English troops. And when the day was lost, and the rout became general, each man sought to conceal himself in the fastnesses of the nearest mountains, and, as long as he put himself well out of reach, was not particular as to the means he took to purchase safety.

Panics disclose strange and unexpected depths in men's minds, and Johnstone was in no respect superior to his fellows. "Being no longer able to keep myself on my legs," he relates, "and the enemy always advancing very slowly, but redoubling their fire, my mind was agitated and undecided whether I should throw away my life, or surrender a prisoner, which was a thousand times worse than death on the field of battle.

"All at once I perceived a horse, about thirty paces before me, without a rider. The idea of being yet able to escape gave me fresh strength and served as a spur to me. I ran and laid hold of the bridle, which was fast in the hand of a man lying on the ground, whom I supposed dead. But, what was my surprise when the cowardly poltroon,

Koviloor Acadamy

who was suffering from nothing but fear, dared to remain in the most horrible fire to dispute the horse with me, at twenty paces from the enemy. All my menaces could not induce him to quit the bridle. Whilst we were disputing, a discharge from a cannon loaded with grape-shot fell at our feet, without however producing any effect upon this singular individual, who obstinately persisted in retaining the horse.

"Fortunately for me, Finlay Cameron, an officer in Lochiel's regiment, a youth of twenty years of age, six feet high, and very strong and vigorous, happened to pass near us. I called on him to assist me. 'Ah Finlay,' said I, 'this fellow will not give me up the horse.'

"Finlay flew to me like lightning, immediately presented his pistol to the head of this man, and threatened to blow out his brains if he hesitated a moment to let go of the bridle. The fellow, who had the appearance of a servant, at length yielded and took to his heels. Having obtained the horse, I attempted several times to mount him, but all my efforts were ineffectual, as I was without strength and completely exhausted. I called again on poor

Koviloor Acadamy

Finlay, though he was already some paces from me, to assist me to mount. He returned, took me in his arms, with as much ease as if I had been a child, and threw me on the horse like a loaded sack, giving the horse at the same time a heavy blow to make him set off with me.

"Then wishing that I might have the good fortune to make my escape, he bounded off like a roe, and was in a moment out of sight. We were hardly more than fifteen or twenty paces from the enemy when he quitted me. As soon as I found myself at the distance of thirty or forty paces, I endeavored to set myself right on the horse, put my feet in the stirrups, and rode off as fast as the wretched animal could carry me."

There is something peculiarly funny in the simplicity of this account of horse-stealing with violence! Why a man should be more of a coward who clings to his own property and only means of safety, than the person who deliberately deprives him of both, is not easy to see. But Johnstone never doubts for one moment that what he does is always right, and what anyone else does is always wrong. And he goes on complacently to re-

Koviloor Acadamy

"AH, FINLAY, THIS FELLOW WILL NOT GIVE ME THE HORSE."

Koviloor Acadamy

mark that he probably "saved the life of the poltroon who held the horse, in rousing him out of his panic fear, for in less than two minutes the English army would have passed over him."

The shelter which Johnstone made up his mind to seek was the castle of Rothiemurchus, the property of the Grant family, situated in the heart of the mountains, and on the banks of the "rapid Spey." But his troubles were not so easily over. The English army barred the way, and Johnstone was forced to take the road to Inverness.

Again he was turned from his path by the dreaded sight of the British uniform, and, accompanied by a Highlander whom he had met by chance, he took refuge in a small cottage in Fort Augustus. In spite of his peculiar views about courage, Johnstone was a man who generally managed to do whatever he had set his heart on. He had resolved to go to Rothiemurchus, and to Rothiemurchus he would go.

At last he arrived there, but found, to his great disappointment, that the laird, his old friend, was away from home. In his place was his eldest son, who was urgent that Johnstone should surrender

Koviloor Acadamy

himself a prisoner, as Lord Balmerino had just done, by his advice, and under his escort.

Johnstone replied that he would keep his liberty as long as he could, and when it was no longer possible, he would meet his fate with resignation. We all know the end to which poor Balmerino came, but Johnstone was more fortunate.

His brother-in-law, the son of Lord Rollo, had been made inspector of merchant ships in the town of Banff, and Johnstone fondly hoped that by his help he might obtain a passage to some foreign country. So he set off with three gentlemen of the name of Gordon, who had also been staying at Rothiemurchus, and rested the first night at the house of a shepherd near the mountain of Cairngorm.

Here he saw for the first time the stones which bear this name, and though he is flying for his life, he dwells with the delight of a collector on the beauty of the colors. He even persuaded his friends to put off their departure for a day, in order that he could search for some specimens himself. He contrived, he tells us, to find several beautiful topazes, two of which he had cut as

Koviloor Acadamy

seals, and presented to the Duke of York, brother of Prince Charles Edward.

Four days after leaving Rothiemurchus, Banff was reached, and the fugitives were sheltered by a Presbyterian minister, who was a secret adherent of the Stuarts. Johnstone at once took the precaution of exchanging his laced Highland dress for that of an old laborer, "quite ragged, and exhaling a pestilential odor," due apparently to its having been used for many years "when he cleaned the stables of his master."

In this unpleasant disguise, he entered the town of Banff, then garrisoned with four hundred English soldiers, and went straight to the house of a former acquaintance, Mr. Duff. After gaining admittance from the servant with some difficulty, he found with dismay that his brother-in-law was away from home, and he could not therefore carry out his plan of embarking, with his permission, on board one of the merchant ships.

There seemed nothing for it, therefore, but for Johnstone to return at daybreak to the house of Mr. Gordon, where he had spent the previous night. At daybreak, however he was roused by

Koviloor Acadamy

a fearful disturbance in the courtyard below, occasioned by the quarrels of some stray soldiers. For a moment he thought death was certain. But the soldiers had no suspicion of his presence in the house, and as soon as they had settled their affairs took themselves off elsewhere.

Mr. Rollo proved a broken reed, and the Chevalier found, after a few minutes' talk with his brother-in-law, that if he wished to reach the Continent he must not count on a passage in the merchant ships to help him. He therefore, after consultation with his friends, came to the conclusion that his best plan was to make for the Lowlands, and to this end he set out for Edinburgh as soon as possible.

Of course this scheme was beset with difficulties and dangers of every kind. The counties through which he would be forced to pass were filled with Calvinists, inspired with deadly hatred of the Jacobite party. To escape their hands was almost certainly to fall into those of the soldiery, and over and above this, government passports were necessary for those who desired to cross the Firths of Forth and Tay.

Koviloor Acadamy

But, nothing daunted, Johnstone went his way. He was passed in disguise from one house to another, well-fed at the lowest possible prices. He tells us of the landlady of a small inn who charged him threepence for "an excellent young fowl" and his bed. At last he found himself in the region of Cortachy, the country of the Ogilvies, who one and all were on the side of the Prince.

At Cortachy he was quite secure, as long as no English soldiery came by. Even if they did, the mountains were full of hiding places, and there was no risk of treachery at home. Two officers who had served in the French army, Brown and Gordon by name, had sought refuge here before him, and lay concealed in the house of a peasant known as Samuel. They implored him not to run the risk of proceeding south till affairs had quieted down a little, and he agreed to remain at Samuel's cottage till it seemed less dangerous to travel south.

It would be interesting to know what was "the gratification beyond his hopes" which Johnstone gave Samuel when they parted company some time after. It ought to have been something very hand-

Koviloor Acadamy

some considering the risks which the peasant had run in his behalf, and also the fact that for several weeks Johnstone and his two friends had shared the scanty fare of Samuel and his family.

They had "no other food than oatmeal, and no other drink than the water of the stream which ran through the glen. We breakfasted every morning on a piece of oatmeal bread which we were enabled to swallow by draughts of water. For dinner we boiled oatmeal with water, till it acquired a consistency, and we ate it with horn spoons. In the evening, we poured boiling water on this meal in a dish, for our supper."

Even this frugal diet could not be swallowed long in peace. Shortly after their arrival, Samuel's daughter, who lived at the mouth of the glen, came to inform her father that some English troops had been seen in the neighborhood, and whenever there was any chance of their appearing in the glen Johnstone and his friends had to take refuge in the mountains.

One day this woman arrived with the news that the soldiery were hovering dangerously near, and had taken several notable prisoners. Upon this

Koviloor Acadamy

the fugitives decided to leave their shelter at daybreak the following morning and to make the best of their way to the Highlands. There they would be sure of finding some rocks and caverns to hide them from their foes.

This resolution once taken, they all went early to bed, and there Johnstone had a dream which he relates with many apologies for his superstition. He fancied himself in Edinburgh safe from the snares of his enemies, and with no fears for the future, and describing his adventures and escapes since the battle of Culloden to his old friend Lady Jane Douglas.

The impression of peace and happiness and relief from anxiety was so strong that it remained with him after he woke. After lying turning the matter over in his mind for another hour, he informed Samuel, who had come to rouse him with the intelligence that his companions had already set off for the mountains, that he had altered his plans and intended to go straight to Edinburgh.

In vain the old man argued and entreated. Johnstone was determined, and that same evening he set forth on horseback with Samuel for his

Koviloor Acadamy

guide, and made straight for the nearest arm of the sea, which he describes, though quite wrongly, as being only eight miles from Cortachy.

To reach this, they were obliged to pass through Forfar, a Calvinistic stronghold, which the Chevalier can never mention without an abusive epithet. But here poor Samuel, whose nerves had doubtless been strained by the perpetual watching and waiting of the last few weeks, was frightened out of his senses by the barking of a dog, and tried to throw himself from his horse. At this juncture, Johnstone, who knew that to be left without a guide in this strange place meant certain death, interfered promptly.

"He was continually struggling to get down," he says, "but I prevented him by the firm hold I had of his coat. I exhorted him to be quiet; I reproached him; I alternately entreated and menaced him; but all in vain. He no longer knew what he was about, and it was to no purpose I assured him that it was only the barking of a dog. He perspired at every pore, and trembled like a person in an ague. Fortunately I had an excellent horse, and galloped through Forfar at full speed,

Koviloor Acadamy

retaining always fast hold of his coat. As soon as we were fairly out of the town, as no persons had come out of their houses, poor Samuel began to breathe again, and made a thousand apologies for his fears."

As the day broke and they drew near Broughty Ferry, where Johnstone intended to cross the Firth of Tay, the Chevalier dismounted, and being obliged to part from his horse, offered it as a present to Samuel, who declined the animal from motives of prudence. It was then turned loose in a field, the saddle and bridle being first thrown down a well, and the wayfarers proceeded on their way.

Only a few minutes later, they were joined by an acquaintance of Samuel's, who seems to have been of a curious turn of mind, and cross-questioned him as to where he was going and why. Samuel, with more readiness than could have been expected from his recent behavior, invented a story that sounded plausible enough, explaining Johnstone to be a young man whom he had picked up on the road, and had taken into his service at low wages, owing to his want of a character.

Koviloor Acadamy

The stranger was satisfied, and after a prolonged drink they separated, when Samuel informed Johnstone that the man was one of the "greatest knaves and cheats in the country," and that they would assuredly have been betrayed if he had discovered who they were.

They arrived at the Ferry about nine in the morning, and by Samuel's advice, the Chevalier immediately sought the help of Mr. Graham, a gentleman of Jacobite family, then living at Duntroon. After a warm welcome from Mr. Graham, who gave him all the entertainment he could without the knowledge of his servants, a boat was engaged to convey him across the Firth about nine that night.

Mr. Graham did not, however, dare to be his guide down to the sea-shore, but gave him careful directions as to his following an old woman who had been provided for this purpose. But all Mr. Graham's precautions would have been useless, had not chance once more favored the Chevalier. His protectress decided that it would be dangerous to allow him to loiter about the shore

Koviloor Acadamy

while the boat was getting ready for sea, so she told her charge to wait for her on the road on top of the hill, and she would return and fetch him when all was ready.

Half an hour passed very slowly. The sun was sinking, and the Chevalier grew impatient. He left the road by which he had been sitting, and lay down in a furrow a few yards off, nearer the brow of the hill, so that he might perceive his guide at the earliest moment. Scarcely had he changed his quarters, than he heard the sound of horses, and peeping cautiously out, "saw eight or ten horsemen pass in the very place he had just quitted." No sooner were they out of sight, than the old woman arrived, trembling with fright.

"Ah!" she exclaimed in a transport of joy, "I did not expect to find you here."

She then explained that the horsemen were English dragoons, and that they had so threatened the boatmen engaged by Mr. Graham that they absolutely refused to fulfill their compact. This was a terrible blow to the Chevalier. But he declined to listen to the old woman's advice and re-

Koviloor Acadamy

turn for shelter to Mr. Graham, and after much persuasion, induced her to show him the way to the public-house by the sea-shore.

Here he was welcomed by the landlady, whose son had been likewise "out" with the Prince, but neither her entreaties nor those of the Chevalier could move the boatmen from their resolution. They even resisted the prayers of the landlady's two beautiful daughters, till the girls, disgusted and indignant with such cowardice, offered to row him across themselves.

"We left Broughty Ferry," he writes in his memoirs, "at ten o'clock in the evening, and reached the opposite shore about midnight." He then took an affectionate leave of his preservers, and proceeded, footsore as he was, to walk to St. Andrews.

At this time Johnstone seems to have felt more physically exhausted than at almost any other moment of his travels. And it was only by dint of perpetually washing his sore and bleeding feet in the streams he passed, that he managed to reach St. Andrews towards eight o'clock.

He at once made his way to the house of his

Koviloor Acadamy

cousin, Mrs. Spence. She, herself a suspected person, was much taken aback by the sight of him, and hastily sent a letter to a tenant farmer living near the town, to provide the fugitive with a horse which would carry him to Wemyss, a seaport town on the way to Edinburgh.

The old University city does not appear to have made a favorable impression on the Chevalier. He declares that no town "ever deserved so much the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah," and this, not from any particular wickedness on the part of the inhabitants, but because they were supposed to be Calvinists.

However, his sentiments must have been confirmed when the farmer declined to take his horses out on a Sunday, and, lame as he was, Johnstone had no choice but to set out on foot for Wemyss. Halfway, he suddenly remembered that close by lived an old servant of his family, married to the gardener of Mr. Beaton, of Balfour. Here he was fed and housed for twenty hours, and then conducted by his host, a rigid Presbyterian, to a tavern at Wemyss, kept by the mother-in-law of the gardener.

Koviloor Acadamy

By her advice they applied to a man named Salmon, who, though a rabid Hanoverian, could be trusted not to betray those who had faith in him. It was hard work to gain over Salmon, who was proof against bribery, but at last it was done. By his recommendation Johnstone was to lie till dawn in a cave near Wemyss, a place whose name means caves, and with the first ray of light was to beg a passage to Leith from some men who were with Salmon part owners of a boat.

In this cave, which, notwithstanding its narrow entrance, was deep and spacious, the Chevalier was glad to repose his weary bones. But, after dozing about an hour, he was "awakened by the most horrible and alarming cries that ever were heard." His first thought was that Salmon had betrayed him, and he retreated to the interior of the cavern, cocked his pistol, and prepared to sell his life dearly.

Soon, however, the swift movements accompanying the noise convinced him that it did not proceed from men, for "sometimes the object was about my ears, and nearly stunned me, and, in an instant, at a considerable distance. At length I ceased to

Koviloor Acadamy

examine any more this horrible and incomprehensible phenomenon, which made a noise in confusion like that of a number of trumpets and drums, with a mixture of different sounds, altogether unknown to me."

Effectually aroused by the whining of the owls and bats, for these, of course, were the authors of all this disturbance, Johnstone fixed his eyes on the sea to note the first entrance of the fishing boats into the harbor. He then went down to the shore and began to make the bargain as directed by Salmon, and the fishermen agreed to land him at Leith for half-a-crown.

But alas! once more his hopes were blighted. He was in the act of stepping into the boat, when Salmon's wife appeared on the scene, and forbade her husband to go to Leith that day, still less to take a stranger there. Neither Salmon nor Johnstone dared insist, for fear of rousing the woman's suspicions, and after a short retreat in the cave in order to collect his thoughts, he returned to the tavern at Wemyss, to consult with the friendly landlady.

Thanks to her, and with the help of one or two

Koviloor Acadamy

people to whom she introduced him, Johnstone at last arrived at the house of one Mr. Seton, whose son had formerly served with Johnstone in the army of the Prince. Here he remained eight days, vainly seeking to find a second man who could aid the fisherman who had already promised to put him across, though it does not appear why Johnstone, who had already observed that he was able to row, did not take an oar when his own head was at stake.

At last affairs were brought to a crisis, by rumors having got abroad of the presence of a fugitive on the coast. Things seemed in a desperate condition, when young Seton threw himself into the breach, and agreed to help Cousselain, the fisherman, to take the Chevalier to Leith. They were actually launching the boat when the inhabitants of the village, alarmed by the noise they made, raised a cry that a rebel was escaping, and the two oarsmen had barely time to conceal themselves without being discovered.

However, in flat defiance of everyone's advice, and, as it turned out, in spite of the drunken state of Cousselain, Johnstone resolved to repeat the at-

Koviloor Acadamy

tempt in an hour's time, taking in the end, as he might have done at the beginning, his place at the oar. For a few moments they breathed freely. Then the wind got up, and the waves, and, what was perhaps more dangerous, the drunken Cousselain, who had been placed in the bottom of the boat.

"We were obliged to kick him most unmercifully in order to keep him quiet," observes Johnstone, "and to threaten to throw him overboard if he made the least movement. Seton and myself rowed like galley slaves. We succeeded in landing, about six in the morning, on a part of the coast a league and a half to the east of Edinburgh, near the battlefield of Gladsmuir."

Here Johnstone parted with his deliverers, tenderly embracing young Seton, and presenting to the "somewhat sober" Cousselain a gratification beyond his hopes.

After taking a little of the food with which Mr. Seton had provided him, he determined to seek refuge for a few days with an old governess, Mrs. Blythe, wife of a small shipowner at Leith. Blythe himself was another of the many "rigid

Koviloor Acadamy

Calvinists and sworn enemies of the house of Stuart" to whom Johnstone entrusted his safety during his wanderings, and never once had occasion to repent it.

Blythe, indeed, combined the profession of Calvinist with that of smuggler, and had numerous hiding places in his house for the concealment of contraband goods, which would prove equally serviceable, as Johnstone told him, for "the most contraband and dangerous commodity that he had ever had in his possession."

Though Johnstone had reached the goal of his desires, his perils were by no means at an end. English soldiers visited the house, and could with difficulty be persuaded to admit the exemption pleaded by Blythe. In consequence of this event, Johnstone accepted the offer of an asylum made him by Lady Jane Douglas, in her place at Drumsheugh, half a league away.

So his dream came true, and after all his wanderings he was safe with Lady Jane, telling the story of his adventures. He remained with her for two months, unknown to anyone but his hostess and the gardener, reading all day, and only tak-

Koviloor Acadamy

ing a walk at night, when the household was in bed.

At the end of that time, when Lady Jane and her father were of opinion that he might safely go to London, and thence abroad, fresh rumors as to his whereabouts began to arise, and fearing the immediate visit of a detachment of English soldiers, he was concealed for a whole day under a huge haycock, so overcome by the heat that he could hardly breathe, in spite of a bottle of water and another of wine, with which he was provided.

This measure, which after all was needless, for no soldiers came, was the last trial he had to undergo before leaving Scotland, and here we must part from him. In France, which he made his home, he became the friend of many eminent men, and was aide-de-camp in Canada to the Marquis de Montcalm. But the end of his life was sad, and he died in poverty.[1]

[1] From "Memoirs of the Chevalier de Johnstone." Longmans, London, 1822. The Memoirs were written in French, and deposited in the Scots College at Paris. They were communicated to Messrs. Longman by Robert Watson, the adventurer, who, under Napoleon, was Principal of the Scots College. The Chevalier left a granddaughter, who corresponded on the subject of the Memoirs with Sir Walter Scott.

Koviloor Acadamy